GOING AHEAD

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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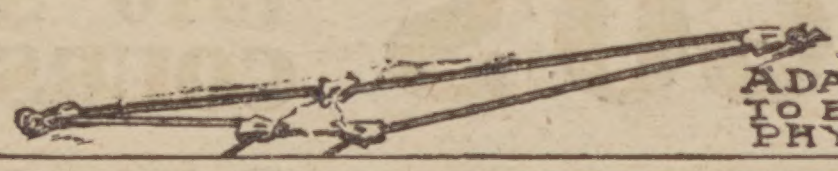

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 78. WEEK ENDING APRIL 30TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

SPORT IN BRIEF.

SOME ABBREVIATIONS AND STRANGE TERMS THAT DISGUISE WELL-KNOWN SPORTING PHRASES.

We are living to-day in an era of abbreviation. Everything is cut as short as possible.

And nowhere is the modern craze for abbreviation more marked than in the field of sport, though here, for some reason or other, the abbreviations in ordinary use are far less offensive to the educated ear.

For instance, what man—or woman, for that matter—would say "Master of Foxhounds" when the natty little phrase M.F.H. was handy? And why the cumbrous expression "Amateur Athletic Association" when A.A.A. will make your meaning equally clear?

But, on the other hand, there are many such sporting abbreviations which admit of more than one signification.

For instance, what meaning do you generally give to the letters B.C.? "Boxing Club!" is the immediate shout of all our fistically-inclined readers. Just so; but they also stand for "Boating Club" and "Bowling Club"; and no doubt still further sporting meanings might with a little thought be found for them. C. C. stands for either "Cricket Club" or "Cycling Club"; and this has been the cause of more than one letter applying for membership written by a cricketer to a cycling club and *vice versa*. A.C., too, is an abbreviation with more than one meaning. It stands for either "Athletic Club" or for the less common signification of "Angling Club."

Much confusion is sometimes produced in the mind of the layman by the cricket reports in the sporting papers. To the ardent willow-wielders of our islands it may seem strange, but in many parts of the United Kingdom there are many men who could not tell the meaning of the cryptic phrase "Jackson, st McGregor, b Hearne." The information that Jackson had been stumped by McGregor, to the bowling of Hearne, would be lost to them. Even "L.B.W.," for leg before wicket, would be Greek to some people.

Racing abbreviations are decidedly obscure to the uninitiated. How many men, over their breakfast and the morning paper, have tried to puzzle out the meaning of "T.Y.O." Plate, without discovering that the correct meaning of the letters is "Two Year Old"?

But even that is fairly straightforward compared with the short forms in use to represent the different Newmarket courses. "A.M.," for instance, is short for the "Abingdon Mile," A.F., for the "Abingdon Furlong"; and R.C., which mystifies many people, stands for the "Rous Course."

Nobody at either Oxford or Cambridge ever talks of playing billiards. To call the game anything but "pills" is to proclaim yourself the greenest of Freshmen.

G. W. HAYES.

CHEEK.

Our contemporary "Madame" says that "women dress from a stern sense of duty to themselves." But in many cases there is a forward desire to attract the men.

* * *

A boy who was recently summoned for putting a frog in the fire said that he did not know he was inflicting pain. His innocent object, no doubt, was to make the animal croak.

* * *

His honour Judge Bacon recently observed, "Oh that dreadful telephone! There are more stories told through that instrument than were ever told by the human mouth." We presume, then, that the people who tell them through the telephone are talking out of the back of their heads.

* * *

Extract from a recent advertisement for a sub-editor: "Must be a man of the world . . . with a firm faith in the inherent goodness of mankind." We fear that the advertiser will have to wait a long time for such a man.

* * *

The "Philadelphia Post" observes "The Englishman is the most pleasant sportsman in the world—so long as he wins." Sportsmen of all nations, we are glad to say, have had cause to recognise his pleasantness in this respect.

* * *

"There is but one thing on this planet longer than the Equator, and that is the arm of British justice," says Agnes Deans Cameron in a recent novel. Surely the talented authoress is forgetting the claims of a woman's tongue!

* * *

"Everything comes to him who doesn't wait," says Mr. H. L. Dobree. We advise him, in the words of Mr. Asquith, to "wait and see."

* * *

A writer in the "Daily Mail" tells us that "There are many beings in Russia whose one ambition in life is to collect new sensations and fresh emotions." These people might do worse than read some of the works of our modern school of lady novelists.

* * *

Miss E. A. Catchpool says that "When we begin to find children a bore, we are getting old." Or else, perhaps, we need a little drilling.

* * *

Miss Hilda Trevelyan recently married Mr. Blow. But the rumour that she did so in order to gain a puff is without foundation.

* * *

Says "Answers": "The broad fabric of the world's work is woven by men's deeds and men's studies. Here and there a woman isolate comes into the fabric; but woman, as a class, has no part in the pattern." But—continuing the sartorial simile—male typists declare that women are doing a lot of "cutting out."

J. S. COX.

THE STUPIDITY OF INTRODUCTIONS.

A SOCIAL FARCE THAT MIGHT BE ABOLISHED.

Among the funniest and silliest conventions existing between man and man in England is, in my opinion, the formal introduction. The thing itself is not so very ridiculous, but the curious fetish is expected to accomplish so much that it seldom accomplishes anything at all.

We all know that quality of reserve of which the Englishman has so much and the foreigner so little. This reserve shows itself in an extraordinary way wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together. The introduction, which is, I suppose, designed to bridge over this reserve, is very useful in its way, but it does not perform half the services with which it is credited. When believed in, as Englishmen for the most part believe in it, it is not only a means for bringing two strangers into social and friendly relations, but it is also regarded by the majority of people as a certificate of character, and as a dozen of other things in the nature of guarantees.

Regarded in this way, the introduction is not only misleading and useless, but positively dangerous.

The natural history of an introduction makes an interesting study. Two strange Englishmen brought into contact with each other suddenly as a rule assume an air of frigid and calculated unconsciousness of each other. This attitude, however, does not prevent them casting furtive glances at one another at such moments when they think themselves unobserved.

Now and then this surreptitious observation is attempted by both at once, whereupon there is a hasty and mutual effort to lapse into utter indifference again. By this little incident the tension is increased.

The situation becomes grave unless, as usually happens, some third party mercifully acts as a lightning conductor, and taps the sultry atmosphere by a simple and silly ceremony. "Mr. ——, Mr. ——."

It is all over, and the lightning conductor walks away. It is at this point that we see the stupidity of the introduction. A miracle has been worked.

Suspicious strangers are grasping hands, the most cordial sentiments are pouring from their lips, and the shadow of unkindness is dissipated by a sunny comradeship which might be the result of twenty years' close friendship.

In short, each has accepted the casual fact of ntroduction as a sort of certificate of the moral, financial, physical, social, and general perfection of the other! And the results are not always happy.

RAYMOND WEST.

HINTS ON SEAMANSHIP

THE MANAGEMENT OF A 5-TON CUTTER.

Owning even a small boat is rather a costly business, unless you can get several pals to club with you, but most of us can afford an occasional day's sail when at the seaside, and the pleasures of sailing are enormously enhanced if you can dispense with the services of a professional boatman.

The difficulty of an article of this kind is the degree of knowledge one may assume on the part of the reader.

I will assume that you know that looking forward in a boat "starboard" is always on your right, "port" always on your left hand; that all ropes used for hoisting sails are "halliards," all ropes for trimming sails, *i.e.*, making them hold the wind, are sheets; and I will also assume that you know how to set the usual sails used on the various rigs of small sailing boats.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

You may know these things and many more, and yet know little or nothing of sailing a boat, and it is on seamanship that I propose to offer a few hints, which will save you from disaster and also from making yourself ridiculous in the eyes of the knowing ones along the front or beach.

We will presume a 5-ton cutter, with mainsail, foresail, and jib.

The first point is getting under way, and the first thing to remember is that you must always sail *against* the tide first, and set your sails accordingly.

Begin by getting the mainsail ready for hoisting, and then shorten in the chain, if you are at anchor, that is, pull it in until the boat is nearly over the anchor, or if you are on a mooring throw the buoy over to windward.

Now comes the question what sails you are to set and in what order, and this depends on the state of wind and tide.

WIND AND TIDE.

When the wind is across the tide—the boat's head always points *against* the tide except in a gale of wind, when you had better stick ashore—set the mainsail first. Then set the jib as taut as you know how.

Next pull in the anchor, haul in the mainsheet enough to make the wind fill the sails, set the foresail, and you are under way.

When the wind is against the tide, and necessarily behind you, the procedure is different. You set the foresail first, and then, having got the anchor in, "broken it out" is the technical term, you set the jib.

The wind being behind you, foresail and jib will give you quite enough "way" until you are in open water, when you put the tiller "down," that is to leeward, which has the effect of bringing the boat "up in the wind," and then set the mainsail.

It is when you have wind and tide ahead that it is most difficult to get under way. Set the mainsail first and next the jib, then pull up the anchor as quickly as you can, and as soon as the boat has way on set the foresail.

Now that you are fairly afloat, what are you going to do—run with the wind, "reach," or beat to windward? That must depend on where you want to get to and the direction of the wind.

Running with the wind aft is simple enough, but if the wind or the boat change direction then you may have to "gibe," that is, make the mainsail change sides, and that is rather a ticklish operation.

WHEN THE WIND IS HIGH.

To gibe you pull in the mainsheet (which beginners always think is the mainsail, and not the rope used for trimming it) until you can tighten up the slack lee runner, then pull in the mainsheet still further until the peak comes over, slack away the other runner, and ease the mainsheet out.

It is advisable to take round a cleat with the mainsheet, especially in a strong wind, for the mainsail will go over with a bang, and pull the sheet out of your hands or skin them badly, but *don't* take a turn of the sheet round your leg.

Reaching with a fair wind over the quarter, beam or bow, is the simplest of operations, but beating against the wind calls for true seamanship.

To make a boat sail against the wind you have to make her turn to the wind so that her sails are full.

It is clear that with wind and tide ahead you can only sail in a slanting direction across the wind, and to progress against the wind you tack from one side to another, eventually arriving at your destination on a zigzag course.

BEATING TO WINDWARD.

To beat, you put the helm down slowly to leeward, at the same time crying, "Hee ho." This is the signal for the other hand to let go the jib-sheet, with the result that the head of the boat goes up into the wind, and her sails will shake. The foresail will catch the wind first on the other side, and bring the boat's head further round.

As soon as the jib is over and full of wind let go the foresail sheet, and then let the helm come down and sail the boat.

The secret of beating to windward is knowing how close to keep to the wind, and to ascertain this watch the luff of the mainsail, *i.e.*, the part next the mast.

If it is just ashake you are all right, but if it is not ashake at all you are sailing too far off the wind, while if more than the luff is ashake then you are sailing too near the wind.

Many a man can get under way and sail a boat creditably, but comes to grief in bringing-up—*i.e.*, dropping anchor, or picking up moorings. Always drop anchor or pick up moorings *against* the tide, or, if there be none, then head to wind.

HOW TO BRING UP.

Always bring the boat as near as possible to a dead stop before letting go the anchor.

In picking up a mooring buoy the great object is to bring the boat up to it with no way on.

With the wind against the tide you beat past your moorings, then shoot up into the wind, lower the mainsail, take off jib as you near the buoy, and let go the foresail just before you reach it.

When the wind is across the tide sail past your moorings, then tack and sail back to them. When nearly there let the mainsheet go, so that the mainsail shakes in the wind.

To pick up moorings when the wind is with the tide is the most difficult operation of all. You come up to your moorings against the tide, and the problem is how far your boat will shoot up against the wind.

The best plan is to aim to leeward of the buoy, and when it is level with your quarter to let the head sheets go, pull in the mainsheet, and put the helm down. This should bring her round, and right on top of the buoy.

F. Reckitt.

SENSATIONS.

HE LIVES BEST WHOSE SENSES ARE KEENEST.

Whenever you come across a person who finds existence dull you may be sure his senses are in a condition of stagnation. Dulness is the result of inanition, introspection, and a wilful negligence of the sensations with which Nature has endowed him.

On the other hand, the man who runs the gamut of human sensations is not necessarily the happiest of mortals, but he is vividly alive.

He is not the happiest because the very acuteness of his susceptibility to enjoyment carries with it an equal degree of sensitiveness to misery.

But, after all, to speak of happiness and misery is only to make use of convenient expressions which convey little of their inner meaning. The better term is sensations.

There are instances when the extremes of pain and delight are so intermingled that no other word is appropriate. The man who scores the winning goal in an International match and is afterwards brought to ground with a dislocated shoulder is conscious of sensations inextricably mixed.

In fact, no one sensation exists by itself. There is no state of content without a subtle feeling of dissatisfaction, no extremity of grief without its small secret consolation, no loss altogether lacking recompense.

There is a famous French aphorism to the effect that even the sorrows of our dearest friend create in us, blended with our sympathy, a faint sense of gratification.

Remembrance of these things tends to make some people cynical. They might as sensibly refuse sovereigns because coppers abound. Fools only fools fall out with what *is*, out of a perverted notion that they would pre'er the perfect.

It is not the elements of which sensations are composed that matter, but what they make of a man and what they make him do.

Observe what happens when any of your acquaintances experiences a great disappointment. One will be permanently embittered by it, relax his efforts, throw up the sponge; he will talk much and pose as the hero of misfortune.

Another will set his teeth, and set about the task of retrieving, ultimately to regain more than he lost. And yet another will throw back his head and laugh, enjoying the pang of the adversary's thrust.

What happens to yourself when a friend betrays you, when one you have loved proves unworthy? Do you then resolve to hate all the rest, to put trust in none?

Most likely you do, while the sensation of resentment is uppermost; but in time the underlying sensations which have always been there will come to the surface, sensations of relief, of knowledge deliberately blinded, even of gladness for the experience.

You will be merely more circumspect with your affections in the future—or you think you will—and the sensation will comfort you.

What of the sensations when death takes away parent or wife or child—that final irretrievable separation which leaves the void one feels can never be filled? Well, "grief is the agony of a moment; the indulgence of grief the burden of a life." There is a truth as sure as death itself—which is, that time fills all voids.

Then there is Love—a jumble of all the sensations that flesh is heir to. If anything is to be deduced from love, it is that it has the power to make men angels, to make men devils, and to make men mad. It is an example for all to see of the effect of sensations run riot.

But in that there is no disparagement. For the significance of sensations is that they are the mainspring of action. The best lovers make the best men; deep suffering begets deep understanding; on the heights of ecstasy poesy reigns.

As Ruskin so splendidly said: "Passion or sensation—it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another is precisely in this—that one feels more than another."

C. Wolfe.

A TALE OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

THE PURGING OF NAT PRICE

By ADAM STERN.

He was waiting for her when she came out of the factory. He made straight for her. A crowd of other young women had emerged at the same time, and she could not repel him without exciting their notice and derision.

They walked along side by side, without speaking; then she turned abruptly into a side street.

"You'm coming no further wi' me," she said, halting, and facing him.

"Amy!"

"Yo' ain't. I've 'ad enough of yer. Yo' can sling yer hook."

"Amy, I want to say something."

"I don't wanter 'ear it. Yo' got the length o' my tongue last night. Don't that satisfy yer?"

"I never meant to offend yer. I didn't, I swear."

He spoke urgently, pleadingly. His features were working with emotion.

She looked away from him along the street, her lips compressed, one foot tapping the pavement incessantly.

"I bin thinking o' nothing else all day. I couldn't work. I chucked it at five so as not to miss yer. Amy!"

"I've told yer." Her voice became strident. "I don't wanter 'ave nothing ter do with yer."

"Amy, yo' *don't* mean that. I know I was a fool. I bin cursing meself without stopping ever since."

"Thinking yo' could play them pranks wi' *me*," she added through shut teeth.

"I didn't. I never thought o' yo' like that, I swear. It come over me all of a sudden. The dark—yo' close ter me—and all at once a sort o' swimming splendour! 'Ow could I 'elp trying when I love yer so much?"

She did not answer, but her breath came short through her nostrils.

"Anyway, yo' stopped me," he said, managing a lame laugh, "and I ain't likely to try again. Amy, say yo'll come out wi' me to-night just the same and forget all about it."

"Not again. No, not after that!"

She set her shawl tighter about her head with a vicious tug, and turned away.

"Amy!"

She wrenched free from his hand with a fierce "Let me be!"

He caught her arm again. She wheeled on him like a fury.

"*Let me be*, I tell yer!"

"I don't care. Yo' *sha'n't* go. Listen! I bin cursing meself all day. I bin digging me fists into meself and cursing, cursing. If yo' give me up I shall go to hell, I know I shall. It ain't in me to live without yo'. *Amy!*"

"Yo' should 'a' thought o' that beforehand. It's too late now. I feel *different* about yer. Nat, I trusted yo'. . . ."

Despite her will, tears welled to her eyes.

". . . I thought yo' warn't like the rest. I'd seen what other wenches come to by going loose, and I was proud to think yo' didn't care for me to be flighty or gadabout. I was looking forward. . . . We bin putting by. . . ."

"But now——" the tears met the white heat of her anger and hissed, "—now I'd rather see yo' *dead* than marry yer!"

For all the squalor of her clothes, dirt-begrimed like her hands and face—she was a packer at the Holloware factory, surely as rough a form of labour as the women of the Black Country undertake—she looked magnificent at this moment.

Her bosom was heaving, her eyes flashing. A woman made on a large scale, deep of chest, wide of hip, though still a year short of the twenties, she seemed to the young man watching her veritably to tower.

He felt physically dwarfed; the fever of his protestations suddenly passed, and left him strangely quiet. He was ashamed.

"Yo' would, eh?" he said slowly. "Well, it might be I'd rather be that meself than live to know yo' hate me."

And he turned round and walked steadily away.

Custom guided his steps to the street where he lived, but he went past the door without stopping, on through the narrow streets at an even pace, his eyes fixed on the ground.

His thoughts were calm and clear. A silent emptiness seemed to enfold his heart. He realised now that his offence had been rank, and his passionate after-regrets only the fear of losing what he desired. The regrets had not been for wounding her trust and pride. He wanted her. He had been filled with the want of her for a long time, the animal instincts gradually dominating the spiritual.

Last night had seen an abrupt lapse of control, an ardent, savage attempt to force his love to a culmination, as savagely repulsed. It had opened his eyes, not only to the character of himself, but to the worth of her.

He thought these things clearly—not in definite words, but by means of intuitive reasoning. He was crude, untutored. His impulses were violent and untamed, but at the bedrock of his nature there was a strata of undefilement, as in all men, which enabled him to understand and appreciate elemental chastity in woman.

This, however, he had learned only by losing her. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." He plodded on, facing the fact that a momentary madness bid fair to cost him all the hopes of the future.

He found himself away from the town, following the winding path between grey mounds of refuse cast up from the coal-pits—the byeway connecting Moulden and Brierley.

Here they had been in the habit of walking o' nights. Here they had walked last night.

He paused and looked about him.

Light was falling. From the heaps of waste ashes thin lines of smoke twined lazily up into the hazy air. In the distance yellow flames issued here and there from the tops of low black chimneys, glowing brighter against the darkening sky.

Later on the scene would be one vast expanse of intermittent fires, the torches of industry which never go out, emblematic to the imagination of the everlasting strife between man and nature, the primitive insistent need to win by toil and sweat the wherewithal to live.

But now over everything was a grey desolation, familiar enough to the watcher, but marked with an unusual significance, in that it matched his mood.

His brows drew together in a frown. Life was like that—drab, disillusioned, unsightly, unless one was able to keep alight the fires of hope, and energy, and enthusiasm.

He deliberated gloomily the best thing to do. Enlist, he supposed. That was what jilted sweethearts generally did. . . .

In the consequent self-pitying reflections he began to see himself as the injured party. His finer feelings gave way to the braggadocio desire to show that he was mortally stricken, and that henceforth nothing remained to him but a desperate fandango along the road to perdition. For some reason, enlistment was inseverably associated in his mind with abandonment to the cruelty of fate.

He retraced his steps, determined to perform the act of revengeful despair without delay. She would be sorry when she heard of it. . . . That was the conviction uppermost in his mind. And it provided him with sombre satisfaction.

It was quite dark when he got back into Moulden. In the main street, the customary parade-ground of the younger Mouldenites at night, he suddenly came face to face with Amy in company with Luke Barry. She was in her "Sunday best," and apparently in the highest spirits.

He plunged by without sign of recognition, and strode on blindly for some distance. Then he halted abruptly. All his recent highly-coloured imaginings were extinguished like a shot in the dark. In their place burned jealousy, that primal spirit of possession which there is no subduing till it be appeased.

He followed them up. That Luke Barry was a bigger man than himself, and one with an ugly reputation for fistic prowess, made his blood race with fierce content. He would show her, at least, that he was able to fight for his own. She should know that if he couldn't have her no one else should.

They had turned from the main thoroughfare into the street leading to the canal towing-path when he caught them up. They were going a walk he and she had often gone before.

He broke in on their talk with a hand on the shoulder of each, flinging them wide apart, and striding between.

"No, yo' don't, Luke Barry," he said, with a short, grim laugh.

He waited with doubled fists for the other to recover from the surprise of the interruption. It was a challenge there could be no arguing about. Such a method of disputing for a woman's favour holds precedence amongst Black Countrymen to this day.

"So that's it, Nat Price, is it?" said Luke, slowly. "For two pins I'd bash yer for that."

It was the orthodox superfluous preliminary.

"Yo' got leave ter try," said Nat, laconically.

He was cool now that the time for action had come.

"I suppose yo' think yo'm fine, acting like this," Amy put in, with scorn, "but yo' may as well know it'll make no difference whether yo' win or not. Goo on, Luke, bash 'im."

It was plain to Nat with whom her sympathies were, but the knowledge only hardened his resolve. Perhaps—who knows—she had calculated on this effect.

"I don't fight here," said Luke, sullenly, "I bin afore the beak too many times for my liking. Come down ter the canal."

The canal was only a minute's walk away, to be reached by traversing a short alley. Nat led the way at once.

Amy hesitated.

"In the dark . . . near the water. . . ." she muttered, with sharp apprehension.

Luke was already on Nat's heels.

"Coming, Amy?" she heard the latter call.

"Not her; her's afeared," answered Luke, entering the alley.

There was the sound of a blow and a hoarse oath. Nat had turned on his enemy and contradicted the lie with a crashing drive on the jaw,

and in a trice the pair were struggling, gasping, slipping in the confined enclosure.

Amy stood with straining eyes, her hands locked in excitement.

There was no space for manœuvring, no opportunity for skill. It was a case of furious wrestling in dense darkness, and the hardest hitter to win.

A thud. They were on the ground. She could just discern them in the gloom, rolling over and over like a couple of dogs.

Luke's voice was uplifted in hoarse command to the other to "Get up and fight fair!"

Amy thrilled to the first sound of complaint coming from him.

They found their feet. There was an interval of panting, then they were at it again.

Amy crouched, doubled over her locked hands, queerly exultant.

"Yo' winning, Nat?" she uttered breathlessly.

No answer but gasps, hissing, an occasional grunt. It was a cast-back to primeval conditions, a battle of the strong, the woman looking on, exulting in the lust of cruelty, urging them on to supremer effort.

One of the two began to growl curses as he fought, interspersed with a sound like the snarling of dogs.

"Yo' winning, Nat?" Amy's voice was a shrill whisper.

A groan, and three thuds in quick succession.

"Leggo my throat," came a strangled cry.

"Not unless yo' stop yo'r kicking." It was Nat's voice, curt and grim.

"Baste 'im, Nat," urged Amy, still whispering.

"Leggo! *Leggo*, blast yer! O-o-oh!"

He tore desperately at Nat's nostrils with his fingers, crashed down with Nat atop, and lay writhing.

Nat got to his feet, mechanically dusting his clothes.

"Yo' choked him?" whispered Amy.

"Neow! 'E's shammin'. 'E's 'ad enough."

He waited a while, getting his breath.

"Now then, Luke; up yer get!"

He gave the other a hand and helped him up.

There was a silence. Then, unexpectedly, both men laughed.

"Dunno what yo' started it for," muttered Luke.

Amy spoke again, matter-of-factly. "Nat, come 'ere."

She vigorously repeated the process of brushing him.

"Good job yo' got yo'r working-clothes on," she said, squeezing his arm.

BOXING ON POINTS.

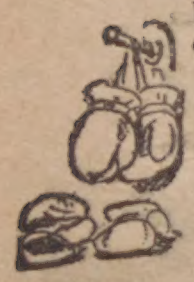
There is an ancient saying, and one of which we are justly proud, to the effect that the Briton does not know when he's beaten.

And though in this case the sense is slightly varied, the saying is especially apposite to the system of boxing on points. For this system is undoubtedly one which would admit of wholesale improvement.

Say that two men, Smith and Brown, are engaged in a six-round contest on points. The referee stops the fighting after the sixth round and gives his decision in favour of Smith.

Now, any reader who has attended such a function will be able to imagine the look of blank astonishment that comes over the face of Brown, who fancied that he had been scoring heavily all along. Smith's eyes are "bunged up," his nose is shapeless, blood is trickling from his mouth, and there is an angry red mark over his heart, but he has won. Brown can't understand that a few more "fly-taps" delivered to him by Smith have won a victory for the other, and his bewilderment is fairly comprehensible.

It is safe to say that the only satisfaction in boxing nowadays lies in the "knock-out," for which, by the way, professional fighting-men who mean business consistently work. The system of boxing on points, as at present constituted, is opposed to all the principles of common-sense.



It leaves too much to the referee, and referees who command perfect confidence are few and far between.

"This Farmyard World of Sex"

SOME THOUGHTS ON LIFE'S GREATEST PROBLEM.

"I hate this farmyard world of sex," says a character in a recent play by one of the (so-called) "new school" of dramatists.

Entre nous, the play itself was but an amplification of the same bitter dissatisfaction; and I wondered to myself, as I came away, why all these men write as though sex were the paramount force in life. Immediately there followed the challenging question—"*Isn't* sex the paramount force in life?"

And, by a queer trick of mental fancy, I thought of the case of poor Norris.

Norris, when I first knew him, was a married man with three bonny children. He was the best of good fellows, prosperous and contented, possessed of good health, sound intelligence, and broad sympathies—from A to Z all that goes to comprise manhood in its fullest sense.

He had been married some seven years when he began to suffer from insomnia.

No tangible reason could be ascribed for it. He was without financial troubles; his domestic life until this period was without a cloud; he was bound up entirely in his wife and children.

THE BEGINNING OF A TRAGEDY.

In a very short time the dreadful malady produced a marked deterioration in him, both physically and mentally.

He tried cessation from business, change of scene, a sea voyage, all to no purpose. Eventually he was unable, of his own will, to sleep at all. Doctors forced unconsciousness upon him by means of opiates, but these afforded him no actual rest, because he used to experience that terrible torture of dreaming *he was awake and could never sleep.*

His condition became deplorable. Many a time I walked and walked with him through the long hours of the night, listening to him as over and over again, never able to talk of anything else, he told the details of how the disease had gradually mastered him.

I wonder—can you conceive the sufferings of a man who cannot sleep? Bleed every word that stands for pity from your heart, and you will have failed to express the piteousness of that man's story.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SLEEP.

Norris went mad in time. They put him in an asylum, and an attendant was perpetually with him to see that he did not destroy himself.

But with cunning only possible to the insane, he contrived to escape. And he went home, and he murdered his wife, and he murdered the three children—the wife and children in whom heretofore he had been bound up. He murdered them all because he couldn't sleep. . . .

It all came back to me by a curious twist of memory, and for a moment I could not discern the relevancy of it to the question whether sex is the paramount force in life.

Then, in a flash, I saw sex, not as *the* force, but as *a* force, just as sleep may be considered a force and air and light and heat as forces, all of them equally necessary to life.

Assuredly without sex we could not be born; but then, without air or heat we should die; and without light we should probably become blind, as the ponies in coal-pits are blind; and when sleep fails us we go mad.

This may be deemed superfluous dwelling on obvious facts. But is not the obvious what we most fail to see? We are apt to describe sex as being the manifest first cause of life, forgetting that without the association of the productive force with other forces, reproduction could not take place at all.

Let this initial equality of sex with the rest of its natural allies be accepted—and would appear incontrovertible—then it is just able to conclude that to attach primary importance to the influence of sex on our mundane is unwarranted and illogical. It reveals a fa sense of proportion, a lack of perception of relati values, an ignorance which can only be dangerou

THE PRIME FACTOR.

That this idea of sex as the dominating fact in existence has obtained widespread credence cannot be denied. The intellectuals propagate it in their novels, their plays, their scientific literature; the masses, especially the rising generation, eagerly give ear and believe. It is the key-note of the age. We see evidences of it in the increase of "crimes of passion," the pleading of an "unwritten law," the growing antipathy between men and women.

The apostles of the doctrine of sex are unanimous in regarding the sexes as fundamentally antipathetic. If this is true, mutual sympathies, mutual honour, mutual respect, are impossible. They are merely shams concealing aversion, or ruses to gratify an appetite.

But if false, how much might be written of the evils resulting from such a distorted view.

A farm-yard world of sex! So that is the microscopic vision to which over-emphasis on the significance restricts us—the world no bigger than a farm-yard, and nothing discernible in it but sex!

A. G. Storm.

A MUCH-HARASSED MAN.

"All season tickets please!" The voice of the inspector sounds through the train; and you will see one man hurriedly pull from his inner coat pocket a huge bundle of frayed papers, and go feverishly through them.

He is one of those unfortunate cranks who will not tear up any papers whatever, but carry about an ever-increasing budget of useless documents. It is only when they have to find an important paper in a hurry that they recognise their foolishness, but the lesson is soon forgotten again.

HOW MUCH DOES SHAVING COST YOU?

Have you ever stopped to calculate how much your shaves cost you?

Say that you are shaved every two days. That works out at three shaves a week, at, let us say, twopence per shave. This again works out at one hundred and fifty six shaves a year at a total cost of twenty-six shillings. This is exclusive of tips, for in these days of hard competition and growing democratic spirit why should we tip a man who may possibly spend his evening in the street corner shouting about equality for all classes?

In short, our year's shaving bill is £1 6s. Quite a nice little sum to have "in a lump," as one of Marryat's characters says. It is a strong argument in favour of self-shaving, for you can get a good shaving outfit and two good razors for ten shillings or less, and the only other incidental expense is the periodical cake of patent soap.

SPRING HOLIDAYS

THE BEST HOLIDAYS, AND WHY.

If you have the chance — "half a chance," in fact — you should not hesitate to take your holiday almost the first thing in the new year, and certainly not later than May. I am inclined to think that April and May are really the best months, and for a variety of reasons which I shall here set forth.

These lines are not addressed to the man I call—though not unkindly—"the resort loafer." This is the man who finds his pleasure in a smart watering-place, where he is always carefully, smartly dressed, and where doubtless he has a very jolly time among a crowd of very jolly companions. I write rather for the man who spends a roaming, active, almost an athletic holiday.

FOR THE ACTIVE MAN.

To advise the other fellow to go away to Tip-Top-Ton-on-Sea while there is a touch of east wind and an occasional frost in the early morning would be to advise him to condemn himself to solitude and influenza. He isn't in love with either. He must have a burning sun, a crowded esplanade, gay colours, pretty and young women, and a lively band, to whose strains he can twirl his cane and step out along the front, or tap his polished toes on the asphalt as he dallies with the dear creature in the next deck chair.

For the more active holiday-maker April and May—the end of one month and the beginning of the other—makes the best time for living in the open air. This man and all his race are born Nature-lovers, though they do not consciously go about loving Nature. They come by their sensations of pleasure in a more subtle manner, laying their minds and senses open to receive every impression rather than setting themselves to find these impressions.

To such men spring is the season, because it is then that Nature's processes and enterprises are most easily watched and followed and appreciated. Every sense is charmed in spring as it is charmed in no other season.

THE TOP OF THE MORNING.

The eye, of course, is never weary watching the million changes in progress on every square inch of earth. The sense of smell is ravished by the fragrance of earth sending up its incense in response to the warming sun.

There is a never-ceasing orchestra day and night. The open air becomes like an unrolling drama in some vast theatre. With this exception: that whereas in the theatre the less one sees behind the scenes the more realistic and convincing is the piece; while on Nature's stage you may examine every device, every change above and below, and only find charm and greater interest.

In practical matters, spring is as good a holiday time as any scorching August. How well do you know the dead lassitude that settles on you then, just as you had planned a day's ride. Before you are fully clothed after your morning dip, the sultry heat has robbed you of your strength of limb and purpose, and the day's ride becomes a short, sweating toil two or three miles over dusty roads, until you sink at the roadside, and lie on your back to cool until the sun goes down, and you can struggle home to make the most of what is left of the day.

Moreover, there is great pleasure in being really alone on a holiday—alone, that is, so far as the other millions of holiday-makers are concerned. To me it is always a pleasure to know that while I am having my time the majority of workers are still at work. There is nothing selfish in this, but it gives a relish to my freedom. I know their turn will come soon, when I shall be at work. Another drawback to the holiday in August when the whole world is at play is that the chances of comfort are reduced to a minimum and the cost of the most meagre accommodation is enhanced to a maximum.

Earlier in the year there is a greater choice of place, and of a better sort, than later, when the rush for rooms—even box-rooms, and bath-rooms, and sofas downstairs—is so strenuous and keen.

PENALTIES AVOIDED.

By getting out early in the year into the country all these things are avoided, and one obtains something like individual attention instead of being treated as one of the multitude to be fleeced and forgotten.

And in spring one must be active. The brightness in the sky calls you out; everything urges you to leap with joy, mentally and physically; and if you are fond of the comfort of a fireside, there is still a sting in the evening air to make a log fire welcome after a long day and an armchair a veritable stronghold of happy dreams.

E. JACKSON.

A TUBBING TIP.

Have you ever felt on getting out of your cold tub in the morning as though you would never get warm again? Probably you have, for the feeling daily falls to the lot of very many men. But this is because they are cold when they get in.

The thing to do is to perform a few dumb-bell exercises *before* your tub. Then with a good sponge and rub down, and some more exercises afterwards, you will find yourself entirely untroubled by that horrible and unsettling feeling of chill.

IN PRAISE OF BOWLS.

The stigma of "an old man's game" is perhaps the worst that a sport or recreation can labour under, from the point of view of popularity. After many years golf has managed at last to outlive it; but there is one game which might offer keen enjoyment to thousands of young men, but which, owing solely to that stigma, is practically ignored by them. That game is bowls.

And it is a pity that this most scientific game should be entirely left to the oldsters; for, to the man who has once taken a hand at it, the attractions of a beautifully-mown green with a warm spring sun shining down on the polished bowls is well-nigh irresistible. And it is long odds that if any of our readers, making holiday this summer in Norfolk and Suffolk, where the game flourishes, give it a trial, they will soon indignantly resent the assertion that it is "an old man's game."

RAISED METAL WORK.

AN INTERESTING HOBBY.

Raised metal work, or to give it its correct name, repoussé work, is a most fascinating hobby, though it is neither so easy nor so inexpensive as others.

But it has this advantage, that when the novice becomes expert and can turn out properly-finished articles, he can turn his hobby to practical account. He will find a ready sale for his work if he should ever be obliged, through stress of circumstances, to quit the ranks of the amateur for those of the professional.

The tools required are not numerous, but they are specially made for the work. They may be divided into two sorts, those for chasing and those for repoussé.

The first thing to provide, before work can be commenced, is a good firm bench. A useful and even admirable substitute is a strong kitchen table.

The workroom must be well lighted, for the repoussé worker must be able to see what he is doing at every moment throughout the process.

The next thing is a "cushion." This is only a ring of iron, hollow in the middle and covered with rolls of flannel.

The professional chaser uses a wooden block, a lead block, and also a pitch block, and a chaser's bowl, but the amateur need not trouble about these. A pitch pan will serve his purpose quite as well.

Get a strong iron pan if possible, as it is better than any other sort. An anvil, or something that will do instead, is a necessity, and a stove for heating the pitch. For this an ordinary gas ring will do capitally. A pitch kettle made of iron, and a ladle to match, can be bought at any big ironmonger's shop.

The tools for chasing consist of a couple of hammers, one light and one heavy; tracers, curved and straight; malting tools, border tools, and what are called cup and ball tools.

The repoussé tools are beaters of different sizes, a mallet and small shears, and some sort of a broad-bladed knife for spreading the pitch.

It must be remembered that the tools used in repoussé work are not sharp, but blunt, and they are kept in condition by rubbing them up and down on a piece of leather.

Now as to the materials. Gold and silver are of course the principal metals used by the chaser and repoussé worker, but their price is beyond the reach of most novices; and certainly they cannot be recommended for trial experiments by a prentice hand.

Brass is far and away the best material for the beginner, and it can be bought in sheets of varying sizes and lengths. Copper can also be recommended as it is easy to work.

After melting the pitch, fill the pan to just within sight of the top. The work is then laid down upon it and the worker begins to beat with one of the beaters. Of course, it is understood that you have chosen and traced your design on the brass or copper, or whatever metal you are working upon.

Attend first to the chief parts of the design, and go over the other parts afterwards. Use the largest beater first, then a smaller one.

It is best to select an easy design for the first attempt. Cherries and leaves may be suggested. Work from the deepest parts towards the shallowest.

The groundwork of the design must be beaten down with a flat tool. Clean off the pitch and it can then be finished.

This can be done either by polishing or lacquering.

Among the articles which an amateur may attempt are card trays, photograph frames, and ash trays, all of which can be easily cut out of sheet brass.

With patience and artistic skill they may be made into works of art.

H. MOORE.

THE GOALKEEPER

A SKETCH.

The goal he guards is a primitive affair. There are no posts, no whitewashed cross-bar, no half-encircling net. Two heaps of ragged, painfully ragged, coats mark the boundaries of his ward, and the penalty area is left to the imagination, instead of being marked in rigid, fatal lines.

But the goalkeeper is immense, though a four-foot tape would almost measure his length. Man, they say, is an imitative animal, the boy trebly so. This ragged, half-starved "goalie" of the public parks or the slum-alley, has every little mannerism, every little affectation of the burly, well-fed, £4 a-week professional goalkeeper.

To begin with he wears a cap, while the remainder of his side go bareheaded. By the way, why do professional goalkeepers always wear caps? It is one of these little things in sport that puzzle me.

THE BADGE OF OFFICE.

A goalkeeper without a cap would be as lost as a man without trousers. It is very strange. However, I merely wish to call attention to the fact that my ten-year-old "goalie" from the mean streets that lie hard by this London "lung" wears a cap, or at least an apology for one.

In its long-past youth this cap was of the seafaring order, and probably belonged to a ship's steward. It was blue once; it is now a yellowish-green. Once upon a time, too, it had a peak. This it still retains, but insecurely.

If the goalkeeper wears his marine headgear after the ordinary manner, the peak dangles over his nose and mouth, so, necessity being the mother of invention, he wears his cap back to front, and the peak hangs and wobbles more or less gracefully over his youthful and, I regret to say, extremely unwashed neck.

RIVAL GLORIES.

But the cap differentiates him from his comrades. The centre-forward may boast his single shin-pad, the left full-back the faded jersey which envelops him like a sack, but the goalkeeper need fear no serious rivalry to his cap.

It makes him the cynosure of every eye, and is such an irresistible magnet that the fair sex, represented by a six-year-old damsel in an extraordinary conglomeration of cast-off clothing and a pair of her mother's boots, forgathers behind the goal and its keeper.

The "goalie" has a proper sense of his own importance, and disdains the languishing glances of the fair, but I think the absence of goal posts troubles him.

When the tide of battle is far from him, he should, according to the best authorities, such as Mr. Scott, of Everton, lean negligently against one of the goal-posts, occasionally, if in condescending mood, exchanging salutations with the crowd.

As it is difficult, however, for even a small boy to lean against a heap of coats, our future International solves the problem by sitting on one of the goal-posts, and, I am sorry to say, smoking the fag-end of a "fag." In this latter action, I hasten to add, he does not copy any of his heroes in the professional ranks.

THE FOE ADVANCE.

A Member of Parliament lately sought to wile away the tedium of a long debate in Committee by lighting up his pipe, but even a goalkeeper of the originality of Mr. L. R. Roose has not, so far as I am aware, attempted to pass the time with cigar or cigarette while "unemployed."

The tide has turned; the enemy are bearing down on our goalie's charge. He throws away his cigarette,—that is, places it carefully under one of the posts and prepares for action.

While the foe is still afar off he starts shouting "off-side" and keeps on doing so. The referee, however, takes no notice of his impassioned appeals, and then comes the final shot.

It strikes the goalkeeper amidships, and rolls him over and over, his treasured cap hurtling through the air. The referee heaves a sigh of relief. Thank goodness, there is no possible shadow of doubt about this goal. The ball passed over the line with the keeper—one had almost feared it had gone through him.

Of course there are appeals for off-side, led by the goalkeeper. It is his especial privilege, in big football or little, to argue with the referee.

Shrill pæans of victory arise from the lucky side, while the vanquished goalie strides up and down his domain with the air of a Surrey-side tragedian when he counts 1s. 3d. in the gallery.

At other times the referee's task is more difficult. Sometimes the ball flies over the goalkeeper's head, and then there is an acrimonious dispute as to whether it was not too high.

A KNOTTY POINT.

Or again, it passes over one of the goal-posts, and it would take the wisdom of a Solomon or a Mr. Howcroft to judge whether a goal has been fairly and truly scored.

However, the referee has on the whole little to complain of. Occasionally there are words from these childish lips that make one blink, and sometimes there is an attempt at fisticuffs.

But taking them all round, these slum-urchins play the game, all the more so that they play it under difficulties. They are ill-fed, rickety in limb, already touched in wind; the ball is old and sodden, but they play with wonderful earnestness and energy, which only shows that the sporting spirit flourishes even in the slums.

As I leave I hear the goalkeeper explaining to the rag-bag damsel how he did not save that goal. It is the privilege of goalkeepers to explain why it was not their fault.

L. E. Rattray.

A MAN'S SPRING CLEANING leads to the discovery of many things that he wants to get rid of. Advertise them on our Reader's Sale and Exchange page and turn them into money.

COACHING FOR ATHLETICS.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY TO SET ABOUT IT.

Coaching methods have changed greatly of late years, and all for the better.

The old-style coach's main idea was to make his pupil's life a burden to him, and he was often positively brutal in his ways.

The boy was taught to swim by being chucked into the water and left to find his own way out. I daresay the method answered with some boys, but with others, nervous, high-strung boys—not necessarily funks in any way—the only result was to give them a lasting distaste for the water.

The old-style riding-master's idea was to make you fall off, with again the same result of frightening away men who, treated more rationally and gently, might have developed into horsemen.

The "pug" of former days taught you boxing by hitting you a violent wallop on the nose, and, again, the pupil often got disgusted, and "chucked" it.

The modern rowing coach still whispers "soft nothings" to his crew, but he no longer feeds them on great chunks of half-raw beef and draughts of bitter beer. Your 'Varsity oar still lives plainly, but his meals are appetising, and within reasonable limits he may eat and drink what he likes.

In short, the modern coach recognises that to be successful he must not only inspire the pupil with confidence in his teacher, but with confidence in himself.

In regard to the first point, a coach, of course, should thoroughly understand what he professes to teach, but he need not be a great performer.

Indeed, very famous athletes or players seldom make good coaches. The man who is at the top of the tree usually has the "eccentricities of genius"; his individuality is so strong that it submerges that of the pupil, who copies the master's mannerisms, but lacks his genius.

A good coach is really more critic than performer. He should, of course, be able to do anything he wants his pupil to do, but his function is more to show the novice what is to be done, and to help him to discover how he can best do it, than to force him into a stereotyped groove.

Now, as to the second point, inspiring the novice with confidence in himself, that is enormously important. The coach should go very slowly; the preliminary tasks he sets the pupil should be of the easiest description, so that after each lesson the pupil feels that he has learned something, that he has progressed.

Certainly you must give him the curb sometimes, but not at first. Get him thoroughly happy and comfortable before you "ask something" of him.

As a riding-master said to me the other day, "I never put a gentleman at a jump until he ought to be able to get over it all right. And then I say to him, 'Now, sir, we are going to try leaping this morning, but there is nothing to be alarmed about. You have done very well so far, and I shall be very much surprised if you can't stick on. In fact, if you come off it will be your fault, not mine, for you ride well enough now to be able to jump.'"

"That bucks him up, and he goes over like a bird, whereas if he had thought I was asking him to do something he couldn't do, he'd have come a cropper."

The coach, then, should always make the pupil feel that the next step is well within his powers.

But on the whole the secret of successful coaching is kindness. The old idea that the novice is to be harried and bullied and browbeaten is quite exploded.

J. G. Hayward.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S RIVAL

I.

From the outset it was unfair to ...e North East corner of the estim-...ble county of Blankshire. Yet the Powers that ...overn the destinies, aims and hopes of the Home ...rmy are no more averse to upsetting a county ...han they are to disturbing a principality if need ...e.

However, disregarding the comfort of crusty old ...entlemen who presided over the fair Manors of ...North East Blankshire, the King's Own Royal ...Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry were out to ...practise in peace many things that they might or ...night not do in war. A generous-minded War ...Office had given them a whole regiment to oppose ...hem; space, for practical purposes, unlimited; ...nd strict instructions to distinguish themselves in ...he smartness and efficiency line or be hanged.

Trooper Kernahan was in no way different from ...is comrades inasmuch as he did not intend to ...e strung up, officially.

The Regiment, dusty and somewhat disillusioned ...s to the "fun" of the thing, was on trek across ...ountry as the pale stars of evening were brighten-...ng. Behind them, many weary miles away, were ...he white tents in the pleasant sandy valley ...hat was their temporary home. How sweet it ...eemed to the dusty men ahorse—how eloquent of ...rdered ways, simple prescribed duties, and, ...bove all, the fleshpots of Egypt!

Trooper Kernahan, somewhat of a lover of these ...hings, turned to his friends and tent-chums, ...Alexander, Carteret, and Stephen, who rode in ...his section of Squadron "B."

"Brethren," said he, "we shall be sore afflicted ...as the Plymouth Brother said when the cows ...ailed to come home——"

"To-morrow will be Friday." Trooper Carteret ...went on misquoting dreamily. "And we have ...no milk for tea."

Then that young man sighed wearily. His ...heart was in the right place—a thing so necessary ...to Yeomanry regiments—but he was thinking very ...deeply of the tent christened "Liberty Hall," ...where the finances had run to collapsible camp ...chairs, magnifying-glass shaving mirrors, and a ...tin wash-hand-stand—all supplied at exorbitant ...hire rates by a wealthy universal provider of ...Blankshire's county town. Pleasant reflections ...these, no doubt; but wearying when one has ...naught to look forward to but the canopy of the ...sky and a brown Government blanket for covering, ...and the be-earwigged earth on which to rest one's ...head.

"The thing," Trooper Alexander observed—the Regiment was proceeding at a walk along the dusty road—"is to remember that our enemies, the Midshires, are similarly circumstanced. It makes us brothers, you see. After all, it's the thing to make you fit to ——"

"Wonder where we shall meet 'em?" said Trooper Stephen, suddenly. "They should be getting near us now——"

"Bet they won't bivouac more 'n ten miles away at the finish," said Trooper Carteret. "You twig my legs when I get off. No one will be able to say *I'm* not a bloomin' cavalryman then. Forty-eight hours in the saddle, Cuthbert'——"

"Don't," said Alexander, critically.

After that the Regiment's walk was altered to a trot, and conversation was momentarily barred.

As a matter of fact Carteret's remark applied to the whole Regiment, which limped awkwardly for a brief space when they dismounted at the wide common where they were to bivouac that night. They had the pleasure of bending their backs to the work of driving in stakes for the picketing out of the horses. The G.S. wagon, a thing of beauty duly borrowed, had, wondrous to relate, come well stocked with all things necessary to the well-being of a bivouacking cavalry regiment, and Trooper Carteret was walking about vastly out of humour with himself because, contrary to his prophecy, they were not a blanket short, much less a dozen bales of them.

Trooper Stephen, when the horses had been attended to, found himself hounded off to manufacture an omelette for the lawful occupiers of that tent called "Liberty Hall"—which now stood forsaken and untenanted upon Brynhilton's Common. Whereupon Trooper Stephen wished his reputation for camp omelettes was not, for it is hard to act the amateur chef over an earth-oven with materials raided from the transport, when one's friends merely stand by, smoke, and criticise. The rule of the fraternity—a working majority—forced him to this service, however, and he sweated accordingly.

Troopers Kernahan, Alexander, Carteret, and Stephen were in the middle of the *al fresco* meal that resulted, when a Trooper of the Squadron, smiling considerably, came up to the tailor-fashion-seated group, vastly pleased because he bore an order to disturb these men—the fragrance of whose omelettes floated o'er the earth, and tantalised the appetites of those who awaited the products of the regimental cooks.

"Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, Carteret, and Alexander to come with me to Captain Devine—immediate," said Mercury, a tram-driver in real life, who, at camp, lived at considerable voltage, the change of occupation in his case being rather better than a holiday.

Captain Devine of the King's Own acknowledged the salute of the brethren in arms very gravely. After that he invited them to seats on a rope-handled box that once had contained Government cartridges, and which since had become the home of tins of potted ham.

The relations between officer and man in many Yeomanry regiments are such as would shock the military martinet, and their Captain allowed the "Tenth Legion" of Squadron "B" of the King's Own a surprising amount of freedom—*off* parade.

He opened—they had permission to smoke by reason of the slight chill of the air and the comfort of the glowing bowl—with two words:

"Men," said he, "Merston!"

"They're there?" said Kernahan.

"Shade over six miles," said the Captain. "I sent Hall ahead, you see, with a few scouts."

Carteret whistled softly.

"Operations in force not resumin' until daylight officially, that gives the river to them," said he. "We're stuck here like a chess-piece on a square."

"Or a stranded schooner waiting for the tide to float her," Trooper Alexander put in.

"In our case it's daylight and 5 a.m. Really, you men are excellent at comparisons. It's a pity some of you don't devote a little of your energy to shooting." Captain Devine's remark they knew was in no sense vague.

Troopers Carteret and Stephen wriggled visibly. The Captain could flick one on the raw quietly at times. It seemed, however, unfair to remind a man of shooting averages—a thing outside the pale of the annual training.

"Of course," Devine went on, "it's hard to——".

"Be an expert in two or three lines," Stephen observed, and praised heaven for the darkness promptly. He had a horrible habit of blushing when he spoke up for himself.

Captain Devine's smile could well be taken for forgiveness. Becloaked beneath the pale moon, he was nothing if not a picturesque figure.

"I'll let you off with a caution, if you chaps can obtain accurate information as to where the Midshires will cross that river."

"It seems so obvious," Carteret began.

"You don't imagine, you blind owl, that they'll cross by Merston Bridge, do you? When will you learn," said Kernahan, "that a roundabout way is often the soul of tactics in Army operations, or in life?"

"Our Kernahan *is* a philosopher," Trooper Alexander sighed. "He *will* be a philosopher, that's the worst of it."

"Occasionally," said Captain Devine, with an almost imperceptible wink, "he's right in the end. But in the Midshires—I hate to startle you men at this time of night with a bivouac before you—he has a rival!"

Trooper Alexander bit the stem of his pipe clean through. Carteret laughed a little nervously, and Trooper Stephen indulged in a stave of the undying "Teddy Bear's Picnic."

"A rival," the Captain went on, "in the person of Sergeant Stapley, late of a crack Regiment of Dragoons. . . . Two medals, gentlemen, including not less than ten bars. *His* line, also, is that early and precise information which is everything in tactics. Kernahan!"

"Sir."

"By twelve o'clock I want exact information as to the Bridge the Midshires intend to cross by. I can't afford to dispose half squadrons over eight bridges. Umpires would rule us out of the game. . . . By twelve, Trooper Kernahan—and I give you a free hand."

"I shall require three signalling night lamps for a start," said Trooper Kernahan. "Luckily there are hills between here and Merston. Thanks. . ."

Mechanically Trooper Alexander had produced his map of the country.

"Well?" said Captain Devine.

"With luck and a lift on the road," said Kernahan, "twelve it shall be, sir . . . Yes, there are little hills."

"Then thank the Gods for the little hills," said Trooper Alexander testily, "Come along."

II.

Troopers Carteret, Stephen and Alexander, stealthily, mysteriously, and with no word to any but Captain Devine of Squadron "B," had returned to their comrades some time when the general stable and bivouac guard—an enthusiastic young man picked from the few not over-anxious volunteers for the post—called a challenge to a becloaked figure that arose out of the heart of the darkling gorse of the common.

"Friend!" said Kernahan, crisply.

Rolled up in waterproofs and Government blankets beneath the pale moon, numerous grotesque bundles—like gigantic caterpillars—tossed about, grumbled, sighed, or, in some fortunate cases, snored. And the flames of the bivouac fires still leapt high.

"Hullo—it's old Kernahan," said the guard, pleasantly. "Rumour round the fires was to the effect that you had to be back at twelve sharp and report somethin' to the Captain."

Kernahan lit up his pipe.

"*But*," added the enthusiastic youth, "Captain's gone to roost in the G.S. wagon, and I don't think it's etiquette to wake him."

Kernahan nodded.

"That's all right," said he. "If the Captain's

bothering about my information, as you call it, at all, he's—well, he's *dreaming* about it, that's all."

"You mean ——"

"My dear chap," said Kernahan. "The Captain wanted that information by twelve! It's—got a match?—yes, it's nearer *two*!"

Kernahan returned his watch to his pocket.

"That's awkward. Think I'd *better* wake him?"

"Good Lord, no, man! Devine knew all he wanted to know three good hours ago."

"But *we* didn't."

Three Troopers, arm-in-arm, linked their comrade to them suddenly, conducted him to the main bivouac fire, and handed him a surreptitiously-concocted hot whisky in a tin mug.

"We thought you'd wriggle out, cocky!" said Carteret.

Trooper Kernahan accepted his waterproof from the hand of Alexander and his blanket from Trooper Stephen—all these things without effusive thanks. It followed, as a matter of course, that they should see to his comforts in case of his return.

"The trouble," Kernahan said, as he brought his favourite briar into action, "was to wriggle into the lines. . . . Let's see, Carteret, I left you on Oakshot Hill, you on Cawboy's Ridge, Alexander, and you were nearest on Merston Hill, weren't you, Stephen?"

"Yes. Good lord, where's your memory?"

"My dear chaps, it was no use tryin' to place you individually and then to keep you in my mind, which I wanted for other purposes, was it? You were to me so many—er——"

"Telegraph posts," Trooper Alexander suggested. "Wireless coherers."

"Last is better," said Kernahan. "Wireless coherers. . . . How sweetly technical you are, Alexander. Well, after I'd left the—er—Stephanic coherer on Merston Hill, I cut down through the scrub till I came to the big pasture where they were preparin' their camp fires, and fumin' and fussin' about generally. They'd give their bloomin' collar crests to whack us, you know—and lordy, it was a bit of odds on them doin' it, too. . . . Fancy, a flankin' movement beautifully executed—and practically the idea of that Stapley chap, who has seen things——"

Trooper Stephen fetched his friend a well-directed flick on the ankle.

"Wake up—and don't ruminate," said he.

"Well, of course, according to the idea I mapped out to you chaps I did a bit of spoof, spying round the hedge, a movement which a Boy Scout could have seen through with both eyes shut, as you might observe. After a while I heard someone calling out to Stapley—couldn't mistake him—big hefty chap he is. I had him in my eye a long time until someone verbally ticketed him—which made me sure.

"Now was my time. I skirted round the hedge just near where he was standing, then I made a row—like an army walkin' through a private park a'most—and it did the trick.

"'Search that bloomin' hedge,' says Stapley, as if he'd been quite clever.

"'Go on, it's only a fox,' says a towny man."

Trooper Stephen laughed.

"Many a true word ——" he began.

"*Proc*eed," said Carteret.

"Well, they hauled me out at last, and I was dam' glad, I can tell you. The thorns were getting *very* uncomfortable, and the moonlight a bit too vague.

"'Good heavens,' said Stapley. 'A King's Own man, as I live by bread!'

"Someone remarked that it was very stale bread, anyway, that they'd had during the training, which was all that could be expected of the present Government.

"'And whom,' Stapley continues in his lofty way, 'have I the pleasure of addressing. Name, regimental number, an' so forth?'

"So I told him my name was Kernahan and he said he was pleased to meet me, and would I mind kindly considering myself under arrest as a spy—the rules of this game being on the Actual Service conditions footing.

"He said he seemed to have heard my name before—though where from he did not know. I referred, modestly, to our little signalling lot, to which I told him I had the honour to belong.

"'Ah, that's what you chaps are great shakes at, isn't it?' said he. 'Well—I wish they were a bit keener on it in this Regiment. They are good chaps,' says he, 'but boys, merely boys.'

"'Ah, but the brains of your regiment seem to be rather in advance of ours' said I, leading him on.

"'Yes, sorry to seem unpolite to a guest,' says Stapley, handin' me a cigarette which I was thankful for, 'but they've *no* idea of tactics to my mind, and finesse is abso-bally-lutely beyond 'em! Now you gettin' caught like that for instance, Mr. Kernahan, is only the result of, well, an inadequate Territorial upbringing, *I* should call it!'

"'P'r'aps you're right,' says I. 'P'r'aps you're right. For instance, again, *you're* bang on top of the bridge. We're six miles away on Brambley Common. River must be yours. You can all be over by five-fifteen.'

("You observe I was drawin' him as gradually as could be.)

"'Horse, foot and guns by five-fifteen,' says I.

"'Jumpin' at conclusions again,' says Stapley, smilin' indulgently. '*Why* should we cross by Merston Bridge? Why not five miles further down at Helmingham Ferry?'

"Then I twigged their bally game!

"They were going to make a flank movement and get clear away to Brynhilton, leavin' us to hunt for 'em over all the highways and byeways of East Anglia.

"'Your scouts,' says Stapley, by way of explanation, 'were seen in this district this afternoon. We weren't exactly going to walk into it like that, laddie,' says he. 'It's the up-to-date methods that do it. . . . Why, really, for expert signallers, too, you're behind.'"

Trooper Alexander kicked the fire into something of a blaze.

"What a wholesale glutton!" he commented.

"My dear chap, I wanted nothing better.

"'Shall I tell you,' says this marvellous Stapley, 'why the first lot of Yeomanry that came out to South Africa were as good as the regular cavalry?'

"'Tell on,' says I, cheerfully.

"'Because they had a looser rein, and were far less red-taped. They could let 'emselves out a bit more in an unimportant but useful way. The second lot, mind you, came for the change of air,' he says, 'but the first were bloomin' dons! But what I'm tryin' to show you,' he goes on, 'is that you expert signallers have a chance of perfectin' an inter-code of your own, names of places in your own county, and so forth. It wouldn't do universally, but it would work among yourselves, and think of the brevity——.'

"He whistled up some youngsters who were fooling about with a night-lamp down the field.

"'Look here, Trooper Kernahan,' says he, producing a little book all neatly entered up in red and black inks,' 'I should transmit "Merston" *thus*.'

("It was all according to the code in his book.)

"'Brermouth—thus,' says he, and went on with about a dozen names."

Trooper Stephen awoke from seeming somnolence.

"*Ah*," said he. "Now I begin to twig why I couldn't understand. I began to think my lamp-reading must be getting shaky. They didn't——"

"Cohere," Trooper Alexander suggested.

"Of course they didn't, you blidiot!" said Trooper Kernahan. "Well, I said to him, 'Then how would you send, say, "*Midshires, cross by Helmingham Ferry*"—bet you haven't a short code-word for *that*.'

"'You'd lose' says the almighty Stapley in great glee, and proceeds to transmit accordingly——"

Trooper Stephen yawned.

"All I got, at first," says he, "was '*Midshires cross by*'——followed by vague dots and dashes I couldn't understand. I thought they'd twigged your game and slain you or something."

Trooper Kernahan laughed.

"Oh no, still in the land of the leal, laddie! The K.O. past and present dies harder than that. . . . Well, I wagered Stapley the Magnificent the cigar that Devine gave me last night to nothing that I could transmit it just as quickly in the old way. And of course——"

Trooper Stephen blinked—but preserved his interest.

"You lost your bet——but *I* read it all right. The second time said '*Midshires cross by Helmingham Ferry*' plain as copper-plate, and I sent it on by way of Cawboy's Ridge to Oakshot Hill."

"The worst of it," said Trooper Kernahan, sleepily, "is that I'm a good cigar to the bad on the transaction. . . ."

There was a deep silence for the space of five minutes.

Then Carteret, amid yawns,

"By the way, how did you get out of the lines?"

"Hang it, I was just dozing, you brat," said Trooper Kernahan.

"My dear chap, in his anxiety to prove to me how clever the Midshires were, Stapley clean forgot to ask me for my *parole d' honneur*——"

"Classic," Alexander observed.

"Call it what you like, old man—but we'll talk about puerile things, like walking out of the Midshires lines—in the morning."

JOCKEYS' FEES.

All that even a champion jockey is entitled to demand for riding a race, be it the Derby or a selling race, is five guineas if he win or three guineas if he lose. No further charge shall be made except when he has been requested to leave home for the purpose of riding in the race, when he becomes entitled to his travelling expenses and £1 a day for living.

These regulations apply equally to steeplechase jockeys, except that the fee for winning a steeplechase or hurdle race of the advertised value of £100 or upwards is ten guineas, the losing fee five guineas.

But, of course, your first-class jockey would not be content with his riding fees, even if they were all-winning ones, and he makes the income of a Cabinet Minister or even a Lord Chancellor (£10,000) by various means.

Sometimes his gains are illicit, the produce of secretly owning or part-owning racehorses (a jockey is not allowed to run a horse, though a trainer-jockey may get permission to do so), accepting bribes for dirty work, or by other corrupt practices.

But in jockeyship, as in other things, honesty is the best policy, and your "straight" jockey can make a clean fortune, whereas the crooked one usually dies in squalid poverty.

The jockey's stand-by is his "retainer," which may run from a hundred or two to a couple of thousand a year. He may be retained by an owner or by a group of owners, or by a trainer or stable. The person retaining him has the first call on his services at any time, and nominally all the time, but when not required by his employer, he is usually allowed to accept other mounts. Or other owners may give him retainers for a second or third call on his services.

When retained by a stable he must be ready to ride any horse in it. Whatever his retainer, he gets half down on engagement, the balance at the end of the racing season, when his agreement is automatically ended.

Unlike the professional footballer, the jockey may accept gifts and bonuses from his employers for success. These may be anything from an inexpensive scarf-pin to a fat bundle of £100 banknotes.

Then he often "stands in" with the owner in his bets. He is put on so many pounds to nothing. If he loses, there is nothing to pay; if he wins, there is a nice "parcel" of "boodle" awaiting him.

A successful jockey should be able to retire in ten years or so on a very comfortable competence, but most of them love the Turf, and, their riding days over, they usually go up as trainers.

The Master-Strokes of Games

TELLING METHODS IN BILLIARDS, TENNIS, GOLF, AND CRICKET.

A master-stroke is not necessarily the stroke of ... of a game. For example, the Jessopian ... or the Ranjitsinhji "glide" at cricket are masterly strokes, but they are certainly not master-strokes, for few can make them successfully, and the essence of a genuine master-stroke is that it is ... of accomplishment.

Billiards affords the best example of the master-stroke. Indeed, at billiards there are two master-strokes, one for amateurs, the other for professionals.

For the average amateur the master-stroke of billiards is the half-ball "in-off," which he should not only make every time it is left, but from which he should generally be able to make a break. ... half-ball "in-offs," however, have already been dealt with in THE MODERN MAN, and they are not so interesting as the professional billiardist's master-stroke.

Fig. 1.

With the balls left as shown in Fig. 1 the average amateur would play the cannon, and he would justify himself for doing so on the ground that he would probably leave the red nicely placed for an easy pot into the left-hand top pocket.

The "pro.," however, would disdain the cannon, and would run in off the white into the left-hand top pocket. Why? Because ... so, he would obtain position for the "drop cannon" from baulk, which is the pro-... cueists master-stroke.

... 2 shows the position for the "drop-cannon," ... which the veriest duffer could scarcely fail ... though much practice is required before ... will make the cannon with just the proper ... at all beyond the powers of the average ... and it is a master-stroke, because, ... played, it *must* bring the three balls ... and leave position for the "top of the ...

... few amateurs can play the "top of the ... game, which consists in alternately potting ... red and cannoning, with any great success, but ... having got the balls together at the top of the ... you are very favourably placed for scoring ... many ways, even if you cannot ... the regular "top of the ... game.

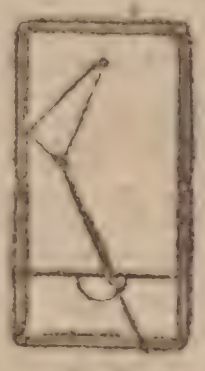


Fig. 2.

... point is that the drop-... should always leave you ... placed for a break, yet few ... know this master-stroke, ... dream of playing to get ... for it.

... "pro.," on the other hand, ... trying for it, and will ... a certain shot in favour of ... the "drop-cannon"

Figs. 3 and 4 show good examples of neglecting ... obvious "leave" in order to get the drop-... position, and you will find that it will add ... to the interest of your game, and improve ... from 10 to 100 per cent. if you bear the drop-... in mind, and consistently play for it when-... a fair chance of getting it.

... know of any other game with a master-... as well defined and productive as that of ... it may be said that at tennis the ... position is attained when your opponent is ... back to the back-line and you have time to ... to the net before he can return the ball ... Of course, it is not enough to drive him ... back line, you must give him a hard shot, ... which he must either take back-hand or ... round to take fore-hand.

The master-stroke of tennis in general terms is the low fore-hand drive bouncing on or near the back-line, and if delivered to your opponent's back-hand, nine times out of ten, you have "got" him, for there is time to see the direction and height of his return, and to run up and "smash" it at the net. The "smash" is in itself a "master-stroke," but the foundation of success at tennis is fore-hand driving to the base-line, and more especially to your opponent's back-hand.

Fig. 3.

At golf there is little to choose between the best amateurs and the best professionals, but where the advantage is with the "pro.," it is usually in the superior deadliness of his "approaching," and the "approach shot" is the master-stroke of golf.

Unlike the "drop-cannon" at billiards, the approach shot at golf is difficult to make; anyway, it calls for much practice and fine "hands."

Still, it is worth persevering with, for if you are master of golf's master-stroke you will usually beat men who are your superiors, even greatly your superiors at driving, the "long" game in general, and putting.

An approach shot may be anything from sixty to five yards, but the average distance is thirty yards from the hole, and the problem, of course, is to lay your ball as close to the pin as you can. At St. Andrews, where most of the holes are on elevated plateaus, they have a style of approaching which is all their own, and is called "running up." The player does not try to make his ball drop right on to the green, for then it might run down the other side; the St. Andrews man plays to make his ball strike just below the edge of the plateau, with the result that carried on by its impetus it curls over the edge and rolls up to the hole.

Fig. 4.

Ordinarily, however, the player tries to make his ball drop close to the hole, and his especial problem is to make it stop dead, or nearly dead. To this end he uses a mashie or lofting iron, clubs the faces of which are much laid back, so that the ball, cleanly struck, rises sharply in the air and falls almost perpendicularly.

The "pros.," however, make still more certain of laying the ball "dead" by putting side on it. In striking they slightly draw the face of the club across the ball, so that in its flight it is spinning towards the right, and when it falls it will sidle to the right, and scarcely move forward at all. The "pro." then plays to make his ball land a little to the left of the hole, knowing that the combination of "loft" and "side" will make it stop almost dead, and then twist inwards towards the hole, and this is the master-stroke in the hands of the masters of the game.

The master stroke of cricket is the forward stroke. Playing forward is far too much neglected nowadays. It is true that in playing forward you run the risk of dragging your rear foot over the crease, and being stumped if you miss the ball and it does not bowl you.

On the other hand, if you play back to a ball you practically lose all chance of scoring off it.

Half the poor and unattractive cricket one sees nowadays is due to the neglect of the master-stroke of cricket.

FREEMAN WILLIS.

MY FIRST SPRING RAMBLE.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

On the edge of a great estate a lake lies deeply buried among surrounding woods. A stream keeps the water high, and just at the little bridge where I start my spring ramble there is the outlet. The water falls into a yet deeper valley, and the resulting stream takes many a turn through it.

Here is my spring rambling ground. Dropping down from the village, I leave the east wind blowing harmlessly above, and descend into the calm valley whose air is as still as the great sheet of water itself.

Long before the bottom is reached the attractive purring of the waterfall comes up, and on reaching the spot I sit above it on the green and mossy lock gates to fill my pipe. Here the rushing water makes it impossible to hear anything else, and salutations shricked at the passing carter do not reach him. Even the crack of his whip does not sound above the roar. No sound fills the countryside like this of rushing falling water.

The bridge is a sort of boundary "that just divides the desert from the sown," and it is over the low fence and into the "desert" that I turn my steps. The underwood is chiefly hazel, now growing tall and supple and light brown in tone, and very apt to swish in your face as you duck and twist to avoid it.

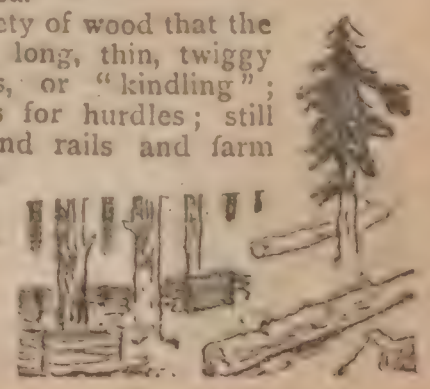
In the midst of this copsewood there is always a sense of isolation. Whatever sunshine there may be gets into the heart of the copse and makes the atmosphere fragrant with scents of bark and leaf. The buds are clicking open in the heat; on the slanting valley side primroses have already opened; the tinge of copper is spreading over the little oak trees, and—sure sign of coming warmth—a spider now and then lays his cable across my face and tickles me to desperation.

A hundred different sounds are audible, but none of them strikes a discord. Faintly now the stream sounds, though still the chief note in the orchestra. On many trees I hear the tapping of birds; deeper in the wood the billowy laugh of the woodpecker echoes between the hillsides. A sharp but distant "tock! tock! tock!" unceasingly comes through the wood. How far away it is I cannot tell, for sounds in a wood are deceptive.

But I go in search, and in half a mile come across the clearing where two woodmen are at work. The trees are coming down. The closely grown plantation is to be thinned—is now being thinned—only those trees with a red ring of paint around their stem, about as high up as an average man's shoulder, are to be spared.

It is amazing to see the variety of wood that the copse produces. Faggots of long, thin, twiggy stuff, for pea-sticks perhaps, or "kindling"; slightly thicker, pliable poles for hurdles; still thicker stumps for posts and rails and farm fences, and still heavier stumps that may be gate-posts later.

C. EASTON-GREY.



Where Men Foregather

LXI. THE LAST 'BUS.

Time and tide, it is said, wait on no man, in which respect they strongly resemble the foreign hirelings of a cheap restaurant.

The last 'bus, in which may be included the last train or tram-car, however, is usually more reasonable, and one may rely on a few minutes' grace.

But some men want half an hour, and raise a fearful bobbery when the last 'bus starts less than ten minutes after the advertised time. You should hear the same men when their morning train is two seconds late.

I never think of the last 'bus without being reminded of a jovial pal of mine. He was a convivial soul, also a married man, and his habit of missing the last 'bus whenever he had an evening out, and blaming his belated and somewhat blear-eyed appearance with the milk on us got us badly disliked by his wife.

DOING OUR DUTY.

She was a nice girl, and so when, after many weeks, he reappeared amongst us once more we made up our minds that this time at least he should catch the last 'bus, for which on this occasion please read the last train to Streatham, which left Ludgate Hill at 11.37 p.m.

By easy stages we lured him down to a tavern near the station, and then at 11.33, by preconcerted arrangement, we closed in upon him. "Time for your train, old man," we said.

"Bub-bub-bub," he began. I should have mentioned that he stuttered badly.

"Come along, no nonsense," we cried, two of us getting a firm grip of him.

"Bub-bub-bub," he spluttered, but we were not "having any," and we started to run him across the street.

He fought like a madman and spluttered and gurgled like a bath running out.

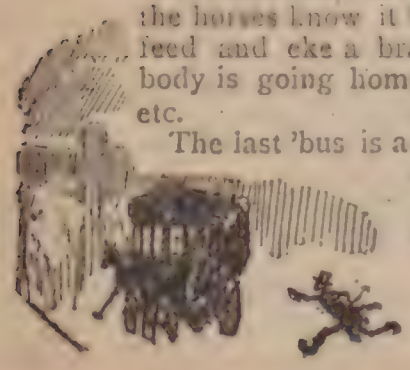
But we were not the sort of men to flinch before a self-imposed duty. In a kind of catherine-wheel, sparks flying in all directions, we ascended, or rather rolled up, the stairs.

The train was on the point of starting, but with a last and superhuman effort we fairly flung Frankie, who was spitting like any wild cat, into a carriage, and then stood back with the proud consciousness of "something attempted, something done."

THE WRONG TRAIN.

Our pleasing self-satisfaction was rudely disturbed when Frankie's enraged countenance appeared out of the carriage window, and down the perennial draught of the station there was borne to us this impassioned denunciation: "You b-b-bub-bub-bub-blithering idiots! I moved to H-h-h-h-Hampstead las' week."

The atmosphere of the last 'bus is cheery, if sometimes rather thick. Bill, the driver, and Jack, the conductor, have visions of steaming supper, the horses know it is the last journey, and that a feed and eke a bran mash awaits them; everybody is going home, and "be it ever so humble," etc.



The last 'bus is a meeting-place of pleasure and toil.

There are Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed; they have been to the theatre on dress circle tickets given them by a friend.

The sartorial critic might object to Newlywed wearing a bowler hat with evening dress, while the little woman's open-work blouse would probably shock the sensitive soul of Monsieur Worth, while she herself in her secret heart is painfully conscious of the fact that her "opera cloak" is but a walking coat after all.

But, never mind, little woman. "John," despite his bowler hat, his obviously ready-made white tie, and his everyday boots, is a thoroughly good chap, with a good sound head on him, and perhaps the diamonds, the Paquin frocks, and the electric brougham of which you are dreaming will "materialise" one of these days.

Meanwhile, you are content to hold John's hand in the far and shadowy corner of the last 'bus, and in the intervals of splendid visions to wonder whether "the girl" will have remembered to put the steak-and-kidney pudding to simmer (and turn to leather) on the gas stove.

No last 'bus is complete without its reveller. He is generally middle-aged, even elderly, and has been to a meeting of the Ancient Order of Dromedaries, or something of the kind. He varies between an immense solemnity and a maudlin garrulity.

In the latter state he invariably addresses himself to Mrs. de Snobson, the pompous suburban dame, who has been at great pains to let everyone know that she only travels by 'bus because her husband doesn't like the horses being out at night.

THE REAL ACTRESS.

Mrs. de Snobson tries to freeze old Joshkins, but she might as well try to freeze Vesuvius.

The quiet, pretty girl in the corner, what do you make of her? Little milliner, lady typist, or what? She is an actress, a minor actress with a two-line part at a West-End theatre. You don't believe it. All actresses paint, and wear flashy clothes and jewels, and go out to supper with bad men.

That's one view, founded on imagination. The cold truth is that the minor actress is usually a straight, hard-working girl, often the sole support of parents or brothers and sisters, and after the "show" she is generally far too tired to wish for anything but the friendly shelter of the last 'bus.

In decent weather you will find her outside on the seat behind the driver, with whom she is generally great friends.

I remember a now famous actress telling me that in her "apprenticeship" days she used to travel home by the last 'bus, the driver of which regularly took her under his wing.

He would look out for her, and wait if she were a few minutes' late, and he warded off the undesirable attentions of undesirable male passengers by the last 'bus.

He knew where she lodged, and when she was ill, every day he left a bunch of violets or other flowers for her with his "best respecs."

And when she returned to the last 'bus, shame-faced and muttering something about having left a "darter of his own" he produced an old leather purse, and begged her to accept the loan of a "quid."

I am glad to say that that red-faced, hearse-voiced, Good Samaritan of the last 'bus now draws an Old-Age Pension which is not paid by Government.

OBLIVION.

The last 'bus rumbles on, and slumber falls on the occupants. Even Mrs. de Snobson nods, and at last pillows her head on the detestable Joshkins' shoulder. Her expression when a sudden jolt of the 'bus awakes her, and she discovers her position, is unforgetable.

Joshkins, happily, is unaware of the lady's confusion. He slumbers stertorously, and when aroused murmurs "Not all the shoady, please," and is with difficulty persuaded to alight.

The little actress comes to her corner and gets off with a cheery "Good-night" to Jack and Bill.

The flashy man who has been ogling her from time to time immediately alights. But Jack has noticed him, and had a quiet word with Bill. As the flashy man hurries after the retreating figure Bill's whip lash curls round his ears and he goes with a yell of pain.

By the time he has done cursing Bill is dancing on the pavement the little actress is out of sight and safely home.

At last the now empty 'bus rolls into the stable-yard, and Bill and Jack, their long day's toil over, seek the well-earned rest which intervenes briefly between them and another day of labour.

Peter Gilchrist.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the cost of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Murder at Whimbrell Castle

By E. WADE LANG.

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Buxom Widow Halliday, the caretaker of the castle, broke the news to the villagers early in the morning. Flurried with haste and bustling with importance, she went from shop to shop ordering provisions on a scale of lavishness incommensurate with the ordinary needs of herself and her two small children. The Great Man was coming! He had "wrote her to get the rooms in readiness that very day."

The Great Man was a personage to be spoken of in capital letters and with awe. He owned the castle, that relic of Tudor days occupying the crest of the hill, and he came to stay in it at odd times and for irregular periods. Only a few of the rooms now remained inhabitable, the rest were crumbling ruins; but as he always came alone, that did not matter much.

Whimbrell knew little of the Great Man save that he had bought the castle from its impoverished hereditary possessor some years before, and that he wrote plays and books, and lived in London town, and was a bachelor, and always went about in a shabby Norfolk coat and blue trousers, with a cricket cap perched insecurely on his great, shaggy head. But he was respected and admired in spite of his suspicious eccentricity, and all the children loved him.

Late in the afternoon all the women of the village stood at their cottage doors to watch the motor-car of the Great Man pant up the hill, and to acknowledge with curtseys his hand waved in greeting.

And the following morning the Society columns of several London dailies contained the announcement that "Mr. Lin Bansha left town yesterday for Whimbrell Castle, for the purpose, it is understood, of completing in solitude the social tragedy upon which he is at present engaged."

That these journals did not deem it necessary to state who Mr. Lin Bansha was, was at least in accordance with Whimbrell's habit of dubbing their annual visitor the Great Man.

* * * * *

After a week had gone by the minds of most of the villagers resumed their normal calm, and the presence of Mr. Lin Bansha was taken for granted. But there were a few upon whom the event exercised a subtle and a more lasting influence. Notable among these were the village lasses, who, to tell the truth, were more potently interested in the Great Man's handsome young chauffeur than the Great Man himself.

This pleasant-spoken, clean-featured individual seemed to have few duties with which to occupy his time, and he spent the greater part of the days in exploring the surrounding country on foot, and his evenings in the bar-parlour of the Crown, where, by dint of affability and open handedness, he soon installed himself a prime favourite.

On the other hand, one or two with tendencies to fame-worship were given to gazing upwards at night to the high top window of the castle, where a yellow light shone, beacon-like, sometimes until dawn.

Behind that window they pictured the Great Man, weaving upon the loom of his mind the warp and woof of sublime imagery, oblivious to time, great and alone.

And one night, shortly after ten o'clock, could they have climbed up to that window to look, they would have seen nothing to make them correct their speculation.

The Great Man was alone. He was seated at the table, holding his head between his hands, the fingers almost hidden in the black shaggy hair.

Viewed in profile the face was reminiscent of that of Wellington, with its hawk-like nose, its long jaw, and flexible lips. Frontwise, one saw the power of intellect in the noble brow, concentration in the drawn-down brows, and a singular intensity of the eyes, fixed in thought at this moment, which instantly put to flight interest in any other feature.

Those who knew Lin Bansha were wont to say that in talking to him one was conscious of nothing but his eyes. The pupils were small, dark in the centre, with a vivid blue line round them which created an actual luminous effect, riveting the gaze of the one he was addressing.

"Live coals" was an intimate's description of them, and the hackneyed expression is the likeliest that can be applied.

At present he was absolutely still. For more than two hours he had not stirred an inch from his position. Sheets of manuscript were scattered about the table in all directions. But the page on the pad before him was blank.

All at once he took a firmer grip of his head, his eyes lost their fixity of focus, his body squirmed as though under sudden torture. He had got his idea.

A stupendous idea! An idea no one had ever thought of before, original, unparalleled, bizarre. The two hours of waiting had not been wasted. He had known his inspiration would come in the end. Never yet had he made shift with the alternative suggestions of a facile brain. He must *feel* his work to be artistically perfect ere he let it pass out of his hands into the world.

He sprang to his feet, and paced restlessly up and down, letting his plan take definite shape in his mind before he acted upon it. Then he spoke down the speaking-tube to the kitchen.

"Is that you, Mrs. Halliday? Has Mallock gone to bed yet? No. Then ask him to step up here to me."

He wheeled his chair round towards the brightly burning fire, set another at the other end of the table, and sat down, his features twitching with excitement.

It was a small compartment, but lofty, with black oak panelling, and furniture of the simplest description. A massive carved oak sideboard occupied nearly the whole of one wall, and against its sombre surface the few articles of heavy silver upon it stood out in gleaming relief. There were rugs on the polished floor, a few chairs upholstered in crimson leather, the writing-table, a couch, and that was all. The hearthstone, flanked with hand-wrought irons four feet high, and the great stone fireplace, slanting right to the ceiling, dwarfed everything else. The door was of oak, clamped with iron, and strong enough to withstand a battering ram.

Mallock, the chauffeur, knocked upon it, and entered.

"Ah, Mallock; come in. You have had your supper?"

"Yes, sir; thank you."

"Tired?"

"Not a scrap."

"I'm glad. Come and sit down. Never mind standing on ceremony. I want someone to talk to."

Mallock, betraying no surprise, for Lin Bansha was a man to whom anything was possible, took the chair indicated, and stretched out his legs towards the blaze luxuriously.

"This is what you might call decent," he averred, companionably.

"Whisky-and-soda?" Bansha was at the sideboard, his hand on the tantalus.

"Thanks."

He smiled as Bansha brought him the glass and held towards him a box of cigars. It tickled him to be waited on by his master.

"Aren't you drinking?" he asked.

"Not at present."

"Well, good luck to you, sir."

He drank, and then lit his cigar.

Bansha had returned to his chair, and was sitting sideways on it, facing Mallock, his legs crossed, his hands clasped round his knee—a favourite attitude. Unconsciously Mallock fastened his eyes upon him, giving him all his attention.

"I understand you're a single man, Mallock," said Bansha, who delivered even casual remarks with curious earnestness.

"Yes."

"No attachments?"

"No worse than usual.

"A suggestive answer. Come; tell me all about yourself."

"Nothing very startling to tell, I'm afraid. I started in an office, chucked that because it was too tame, got on to motor engineering, drove a Vanguard 'bus for a time, and had to chuck that, too, because my nerves wouldn't stand it. Then——"

"A moment. How was it your nerves wouldn't stand it?"

"It's a terribly trying job. You wouldn't believe. I've got an idea, sir, that no man can drive a motor 'bus in London who's got imagination."

"But I should hardly call you a cautious chauffeur, Mallock."

"Driving you, sir, there's only one to kill."

He expected Bansha to laugh, but was disappointed. Nothing characterised the other but intense interest.

"I understand you exactly. You have both nerves and imagination. The thought of possible death often occurred to you when running a narrow shave in the traffic."

"I used to tremble sometimes, that's a fact."

"Death is a terrible thing, Mallock. Have you ever reflected how seldom we realise that we are *inevitably bound to die?* Especially when we are in the full vigour of life, like yourself. Yet it is the one thing there is no escape from. I often put out my hand and look at it—" he did so now, —"and think of the time when it will be inanimate, dead, decomposed, worm-eaten. It is strange. I clasp it—so; and see the knuckles whiten and the blood flow under the skin again, and then I remember that infallibly, inexorably, the time will come when it will refuse to obey the direction of my brain, when my brain will be dead also, and I shall be a lump of lifeless clay. It may be to-morrow; it may be to-night. Who can tell?"

"I once saw," put in Mallock, "a man slip between the footboard and a station platform. The train dragged him over thirty yards. You should have heard his screams. When they got him out, one leg was cut clean off. It was horrible. I often hear the poor beggar's screams now."

"And yet," said Bansha, "a minute before he was a living, sentient being, full, no doubt, of plans for the future, thoughtless of the ever-present possibility of death."

"Horrible, it was," muttered Mallock, and he drank the rest of his whisky at a gulp.

"Death," mused Bansha. "Cold, creeping, insidious death, is coming, swift as a stab in the dark, often when the being is most vividly alive. And then the passage into the Unknown, who knows to what black horrors? . . . ghosts in darkness, waving their invisible wings about the

terror-stricken soul, speeding it on to nethermost void. . . ."

His eyes became fixed.

"It isn't the pleasantest subject of conversation," said Mallock, nervously.

"Your glass. It's empty." Bansha unwound his legs and stood up, still with his eyes on Mallock.

"I sha'n't say no, sir," said Mallock, with an uneasy laugh.

Bansha went to the sideboard, and returned presently with a liqueur glass filled with a milky liquid.

"Try that," he said.

"What is it—absinthe?"

"Drink it. It is one of the strangest liqueurs in the world."

Mallock tasted it, and smacked his lips.

"It's bitter," he said.

He tasted it again, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Odd stuff," he said, and gulped it down. "By George," he said gasping, and the pungency of it brought the tears to his eyes.

Then Lin Bansha did two strange things. He tossed the liqueur glass into the fire; and he walked to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key.

"Don't rise, Mallock," he said coming back to the other who was watching him with wide open eyes. "I have something to say to you."

He resumed his favourite position, sideways on his chair.

"I did not send for you to come and talk to me for nothing. The time is short, so I will be brief. You are aware, I believe, that I am at work on a tragedy. The plot I need not detail to you, but the big scene is concerned with two men situated very similarly to what we are now. The one is a guest at the other's castle, a man whom he has foully wronged. He does not know that the other has discovered his perfidy and has determined on revenge.

"The host invites him to a room remote from the rest of the house—such as this. They talk pleasantly together—as we have done. The host provides his guest with what he calls a rare liqueur, locks the door, and then says these words—'In ten minutes you will be dead.' He then sits down to await events—as I am doing. The manner in which the man who has wronged him will die is his revenge. That is the scene."

Mallock had heard him out with a gradually whitening face and dread unmentionable dawning in his eyes.

"What—do—you—mean?" he whispered, with a long interval between each word.

The answer came from lips that twitched with excitement.

"In ten minutes you will be dead, Mallock."

"Dead." Mallock repeated the word with a heavy flat intonation.

"I have given you the deadliest poison that is known to science. The reason is this. I have been unable to conceive how a man would act and speak in a situation such as yours. The problem has defeated the whole force of my intellect for weeks. I have written the scene several times, but always with a certain knowledge that I was on the wrong track. At last I came to feel that I should never be able to do it. You, who are about to undergo death almost immediately——"

"No, no! No, no! It's a joke. You're playing a trick on me. You're trying to frighten me. It's a joke; it's a joke; it's a joke; it's a joke——"

"—— Yet will not experience the unutterable suffering which the thought of failure in a great enterprise inflicts on the artistically sensitive," continued Bansha without a break.

But to deaf ears, for Mallock went on repeating the same three words until they became a babble of meaningless sounds.

"Then, to-night, after two hours' mental torture exceeding that of the damned, my inspiration came, whispered, as I verily believe, by those near, yet unseen, spirits who speak silently to us at rare moments. That is all, Mallock—except, of course, that I shall be hanged for your murder. But the big scene will be written ere I leave this room. It will be the literary sensation for all time. Thereafter, I am indifferent. I should recommend you to compose your thoughts. There cannot be more than five minutes remaining to you."

"It's a lie; *it's a lie;* IT'S A LIE!" screamed Mallock, springing to his feet. "You've been fooling me. You're trying to frighten me. It's a joke. I can see a joke as well as anybody. I can laugh with the best. It's a great idea, this. To get a fellow into a room and frighten him so that he thinks he is going to die! Five minutes to live! I like that. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I can laugh, too. Five minutes! Why, I've got thirty, *fifty* years to live yet. Fifty *years*, not five minutes, you damned fool."

The wild outburst ceased. He began to plead piteously with Bansha, who had not moved from his chair, but was watching with luminous eyes.

"Say I'm right. Say you're not fooling me. Do, there's a good fellow. Do, do, *do*. It's gone far enough. I know you don't mean it. You wouldn't murder a man just to see how he'd die. No man would. No man would be so inhumanly *devilish*."

He was gabbling feverishly.

"Say I'm not poisoned. I know it's a joke. I can laugh. Listen." He threw up his head, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. "There! will that satisfy you? You laugh yourself then I shall know it's all right. Don't *watch* me like that, to see how I'm dying. I've got pains in my stomach. My inside's burning. It's imagination. I *know* it's imagination. Say I'm not poisoned. Say it, say it, *say it*!"

His hot breath was on Bansha's face. He shook him violently by the shoulders.

"You won't? You can't. It's really true? I've got to die, I, Dick Mallock, only twenty-six years of age, have got to die? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! You're mad! You're clean insane. We're both mad.

"Mad." . . . He slowly stood upright, whispering the word. "My God, what if you are mad, and I'm really poisoned!"

He darted his glance round the room.

"Give me the key. Let me get out. Let me out. I can't stand this. My brain's going. Give me the key."

"It—will—make—no—difference," said Bansha.

"Oh my God! Oh you devil! You fiend, you beast, you cold-blooded monster! You're watching me. You're noting my symptoms—all for the sake of your rotten, stinkadoring play.

"Give me the key," he panted. "If you don't I'll twist the life out of you. I'll tear the heart out of your carcase by the roots. I'll murder you, too, you fiend, if you've murdered me. Give it me, give it me, give it me."

Bansha had jumped to his feet to defend himself, and was keeping the other's hands from his throat with fingers of steel.

"The end has come," he said intensely. "Why battle against it? Already your strength is weakening."

"O-o-o-o-h!" wailed Mallock, releasing him. He ran to the door, and beat madly on it, screaming. His bloodshot eyes roamed as he realised the futility of it. They lit on the window. He gave a delirious cry and sprang across to it, fumbling with the casement.

"Oh, the wonder of it!" cried Bansha suddenly. "You would kill yourself to save death by a minute. You would run to it as the bird to the entrancing snake!"

He had come near to Mallock in his excitement.

A cunning look spread over the latter's face.

"Yes, that's it," he muttered thickly. "Help me to open it. I can't. My hands shake."

Bansha sharply stepped back a pace. His eyes were like live coals.

"Ah, I *see!*" he cried, darting out a finger. "You would take me with you. The extremity of terror would drive you, too, to murder. You would die happily if you knew you had revenged yourself on me. That was in your mind, wasn't it? Tell me. I must miss nothing of the emotions you undergo."

Mallock cast his hands upwards in abandonment of despair.

"Oh, *listen* to him," he said, appealing to the spirits about him. "Only listen to him."

And suddenly his countenance cleared.

"The antidote! Oh, why didn't I think of it before! Give me the antidote. Quick, make haste!"

Bansha, quivering all over, yet stood mute.

"The antidote, man!" said Mallock hoarsely. "Quick! I'm dying. I can feel it now. Oh, make haste!"

He tore at his chest with both hands.

"There—is—no—antidote," said Bansha.

Mallock stared at him in a long silence, his face settling into a frozen ghastliness.

"You—Judas," he whispered.

Walking unsteadily to the table, he sat down, letting his arms fall limply across it, and dropped his face between them.

The livid excitement on Bansha's face passed as he watched him. He approached, and laid a hand gently on his shoulder.

"That's enough," he said. "The play is over. I have learned all I desired. Get up. It has been a joke, after all. I gave you nothing worse than a strong dose of ammoniated tincture of quinine. Your imagination did the rest. Come! you shall have a handsome present for this."

He shook him slightly.

"Fainted! Well, no wonder!"

He crossed to the sideboard and got some brandy. Laying Mallock back, he lifted his head and endeavoured to force open the locked teeth.

Suddenly he started. The other's eyes were open, fixed, and glassy.

"My God," said Bansha.

Hurriedly he placed his hand over Mallock's heart.

Taking the pallid face between both hands he watched it breathlessly for several moments.

"Oh my God," he said. "He's dead."

Shuddering, he released him and shrank back. The head rolled on one side, swayed, and then fell to the floor.

Drawing a long breath, Bansha stooped over it again. The glassy eyes looked back at him.

Bansha thrust out his hands as though to push something off.

"He's dead," he whispered through pale lips. And I He has died of fright . . . *murdered* him."

KNOTTY POINTS IN SPORT

I. FOOTBALL (ASSOCIATION).

A player shoots for goal, and displaces the goal; the ball rebounds, and he shoots again—this time between the posts. Is it a goal?—Yes, if in the opinion of the referee the ball would have gone under the bar, had the bar been in position.

A player takes a penalty-kick, and the ball rebounds from the bar; he kicks it again, and this time puts it through, is it a goal?—No, the player of the penalty must not kick the ball twice unless it has been played by another player. If he does so the other side gets a free-kick.

Supposing a player of one side is standing in an off-side position in his opponents' penalty area when one of his comrades with the ball is also in the penalty area, what happens?

Provided the player off-side did not attempt to play the ball, or interfere in any way with the defence, the referee must give a penalty-kick. Further, if the player off-side is himself fouled, always provided he does not attempt to play the ball, a penalty-kick must be given. In a word, therefore, a goal can be scored through a player being off-side.

For what offences other than the usual ones, tripping, kicking, handling, &c, can a penalty-kick be awarded?—If the goalkeeper be changed during the game without the referee being informed of the fact, and the new goalkeeper handles the ball within the penalty area, a penalty-kick must be awarded.

If a player is ordered off for foul play in the penalty area can the referee also award a penalty-kick?—Yes.

A player taking a corner-kick finds the corner flagstaff totters in, may he remove it?—No. If he

GETTING INTO CONDITION

SPRING SPORT AND THE WAY TO OVERDO IT.

"Feeling fit?" The question is asked by and of a thousand men every hour of the day, and at this season of the year is it as often on men's lips as at any other time. For the present, just when, for a majority of us, the sporting year is beginning, the answer is invariably the answer is an affirmative one "fit as a fiddle"—and in all good faith. Yet in how many cases is it spoken by those who are hardly fit at all, let alone "fit as a fiddle."

The fact of the matter is that just now our sporting ambitions and intentions run a good deal faster than our sporting capabilities, faster than our arms propel us on the river, faster than our legs will carry us across country, faster than we can pedal along the road just becoming gorgeous in its new wealth of life, though not thickly clothed in green as to shut out the distant hill to which we have determined to tramp or cycle.

The air invigorates and the sun gathers strength, as the open country calls and the evenings lure us to linger in the lanes and over about the little villages hidden away from the great roads—in this fever we give way to the mind and we are apt to forget that the body can hardly keep pace.

It is as true in the sporting sense as in any other way just now that the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

SPIRIT v. FLESH.

And so it happens that we take up our new sports hoping to jump off at the place where we left off last year, forgetting that we have grown slack, a little flabby, a little less active, a little less supple. It is hard to realise these things before we test ourselves again with actual work, and find out by experience how much we have lost, not in the spirit of sportsmanship—for that should live always—but in our actual physical powers, or rather in our command and control of them.

For these reasons there is often just a shade of disappointment in our performances, a tinge of regret that we stopped short of all that we started out so confidently to accomplish on the occasion of the year's first great outing.

It comes to every man, does this feeling that intention and accomplishment are slightly out of line. The former leaps so far ahead of the latter, not waiting; and a certain impatience rises as we foresee partial failure.

ANTICIPATION'S ARTFUL AID.

It came to me on my first long day's ramble after the winter's comparative idleness. I began early, I was up soon after sunrise. I walked long, ate, and otherwise provided for a long and very varied day's experience. It was to be a linking up, by train and tramp, of a big stretch of country I wished to know, and the train journeys and the tramping had been arranged so that I should do about twenty miles of train travelling and nearly twenty of tramping. The infinite pleasure I found in fitting in with the trains and working out my walking route beforehand somewhat obscured the fact that I was really not properly fit for a twenty-mile ramble.

I started out full of freshness and vigour. I walked with a swing, drawing deep breaths of the clean air, and pausing now and then just to listen to the clicking of the buds, the returning songs of birds, and the general buzz of the reawakening earth. It was all very delicious.

But I hadn't done eight miles before I felt a little languid, and there came into my mind treasonable thoughts of altering the day's plan and getting into the train a couple of stations nearer than I had arranged. By a little careful timing I found that my pace was unaccountably slow, not much over three miles an hour on a good country road.

"If I am to do the whole route," I said to myself, "I shall have to find some more speed." But I nevertheless bent my course towards the railway, and when I had taken a ticket and had a stroll up and down the platform I could not help accusing myself of "failure number one." How often I was to fail on that ramble I little dreamed then!

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

Once again I was out upon the high road, and almost at once I began to think that my plan of "bread-and-cheese-and-beer," while I took half an hour's rest at a little inn, was rather too little.

In fact I went in for such a lunch as I had been accustomed to take during a winter day's work in town. The consequence was that by the time when I knew that the best of the day had gone I had covered not much more than a quarter of my course, and I felt very little inclination to go through with it.

So rather than rush through the day as it had been originally planned, I there and then cut down the route and allowed myself just a third of the distance I had intended to cover. The result, in its way, was satisfactory—even successful, for having once decided, there was no reason to bewail a failure. I pottered, rambled, and lounged in a much more circumscribed area, and, even so, when I settled at last into the evening train that carried me home I stretched my legs across the carriage with just a suspicion of weariness in my heart.

TIME TO WAKE UP.

The whole source of the failure was that I had overestimated my powers of endurance after a comparatively slack winter. I *felt* fit, but as I have said, one's feelings, when buoyed up by keenness and the spirit of spring, are not always the best guide to one's actual powers at the moment.

The same failure comes to most men who have wintered in the town without much exercise. The cyclist stops short at twenty-five or thirty miles, when he intended to cover fifty or sixty, and the cricketer feels there is a great gulf fixed between the performances he had arranged and what he actually accomplished.

But there is nothing to despair over in these first failures. They only show a man the need of regular practice, and tell him that it is time he was bestirring himself if he would preserve his fitness.

J. G. Hayward.

THE MAN IN A HURRY.

A WORD FOR THE HUSTLER.

When it is remembered that the hustler—the man in a hurry—has completely swept away mountains of useless formality, verbiage, beating about the bush, and other hindrances and clogs on the wheels of life both socially and commercially, there will surely be few to condemn him because he has set a quicker pace. The man in a hurry has been the greatest benefactor that the last ten years have produced. He is welcome.

In the clumsy old days there were more unnecessary lies told, more paltry excuses invented, and more criminal waste of time in walking round and round a matter of business or a social engagement than we have ever fully realised, but to-day the whole endeavour of the man who is alive is to settle every point as it arises, to leave nothing in suspense, to clear up as he goes.

This new spirit is delightfully expressed in the story of a traveller who was in the habit of calling once a quarter upon a certain tradesman. They were great friends, and when the tradesman gave an order it was a thundering good one.

On many occasions, however, the tradesman had no order for the traveller, and on such visits their business was transacted in the following short and sharp duologue:

Traveller (putting his head inside the tradesman's shop): "Anything?"

Tradesman: "Nothing."

Traveller: "'morning!"

Tradesman: "'morning!"

Modern hustling could go no further. The desire to save unnecessary talk has driven people into a candid simplicity that has done much to help the world along. A young couple (well known to the writer who assisted at their wedding) very nearly lost each other through the unfortunate habit of the woman in love to dissemble and hesitate and to say one thing when she meant another.

The young man had asked again and again the great question, and had been kept for months waiting for an answer. At length she gave it him; and he, instead of putting on a lot of conventional delight and swearing all sorts of things he could never carry out, turned rather sharply upon her and demanded, "Why couldn't you tell me that eleven months ago?"

There is much to be said for the man who spends half his time saying simply "yes" or "no" at the end of a wire. His sense of the value of time prevents the intrusion of one unnecessary word into his work. Hurry keeps the mind braced and the eye upon the target, and the hustler is, after all, the most courteous.

If he wishes to sell you something, he does not talk of the weather or of the latest play at the theatre. He names a price with a "take it or leave it" ring in his voice, and so brings the matter to a head.

The mental alertness and physical fitness induced by a course of hustling are among its most beneficial results. The charge against the hustler that he scamps his work is not well-founded. In the first place there are so many matters that must be done that are only worth doing rapidly. The slow and sure type of man will lavish endless pains and labour upon good and worthless objects equally, but the act of hustling drives one to quick decisions; and quick decisions are nearly always based upon the best grounds.

To suppose that the hustling spirit is one that is only able to survive in the atmosphere of city offices is erroneous. There is room for it on the prairie, the farm, the platform, in the pulpit and the Houses of Parliament—everywhere, in short, where "gas" and garrulity still hold sway.

C. E. Townsend.

SPINNING FOR TROUT.

A FORM OF ANGLING THAT NEEDS SOME SKILL.

Spinning for trout (or other game fish) requires quite as much water-craft and skill as fly-fishing. Indeed, spinning is only inferior to the fly in that once you have hooked your fish, you have practically got him, which is not always the case with the delicate fly tackle.

Spinning, however, has this great attraction—if you do hook a fish he is pretty sure to be a "whopper." With the fly you may expend much time, skill, and patience to catch a baby trout, but the fish that takes your minnow or other spinning lure is found to be a bit of an alderman in capacity and paunch.

Spinning is a delicate art, so don't run away with the idea that because you are after the "big uns" you want a barge-pole for a rod.

Of course, if you are after 8lb to 10lb trout you need a pretty stiff weapon, but for ordinary spinning the usual fly-rod with a shorter top-joint than the regular one will answer very well.

As to tackle, ordinary "general" line will do, though it will be none the worse for being strengthened by "backing."

The spinning trace is made of pretty strong gut, is about a yard and a half in length, is tied with three swivels in it, and has a big loop at the end.

"Traces" are best bought ready made, while you should have a good supply of different weighted leads, some with swivels at each end, some without.

There are many "flights of hooks," as they are called, but a particularly good one is the "Thames flight." This consists of three triangles tied on the gut in a row with a single hook above them. The lowest triangle takes the tail of the bait, the others being inserted along its side, while the single hook passes through its mouth. This makes the bait turn or "spin" as it is drawn through the water.

Now as to bait, are you going to use artificial, pickled or fresh bait?

The first named, of course, is bought ready-made and the number of "phantom" lures is legion. Fresh bait is best, but is apt to go "off" suddenly on a hot day.

You can buy bait ready-pickled, but if you want to prepare it yourself, put the bait (minnows or other small fish) in a solution of formalin—a teaspoonful to a pint of water—cork them up well and change the solution each time it becomes discoloured.

Fly-casting is irritating enough at first, but it is as nothing compared with learning to spin.

Here is the ideal performance: you release the check-button of the reel (if it has one) so that it may revolve freely; then you swing the rod gently and steadily, and the weighted line flies out until you choose to stop it, and the minnow sinks like gossamer into the pool.

Alternatively, you pull off as much line from the reel as you want to go out, and arrange it in neat coils on the ground. Then, as before, you swing your rod, and out flies the lure to the appointed spot.

However, you have learned to cast from ten to twenty yards; what is the next move? The manipulation of the bait is not so very difficult, although it calls for a delicate touch.

What you have to do is to pull the line back by the hand which is not holding the rod, about a couple of feet at each pull. Between pulls you should give an additional pull of a few inches with the rod. This ensures that your minnow or other lure is spinning all the time. You cannot see what is happening beneath the water, but you know that your "phantom" is whirling and twirling in the depths. And presently you know that someone else knows it too.

Your line grows taut, there is a tug, then a mad rush that almost makes your heart stand still.

But with spinning tackle all should be well with you, provided that before you came out you had well soaked every inch of gut you intended to use, a rule which applies to all kinds of fishing.

S. JARROW.

MY NOTEBOOK.

AN INTERESTING VISIT.

The other day there called to see me three very interesting people. On the card which the Sergeant brought me appeared these words, "The Three Wagners." I readily agreed to see them and there trooped into my room a demure little lady and two young gentlemen.

They informed me, or at least the young man who acted as spokesman to the party informed me, that they were music-hall artistes and that they were producing a new show, which was going to eclipse any of their previous successes. I asked them many facts concerning their profession, and we had a good long chat. They came on one of my busy days, but that did not matter, for it was quite a refreshment to meet them.

They told me in the course of their conversation that they had frequently borrowed what they called "gags" from our "Sporting Stories" and "Cheek" columns, and they assured me that on many occasions the recounting of these stories had brought down the house. They hoped I did not mind their making use of items that had appeared in the paper, and I had the greatest pleasure in assuring them that, far from minding, I regarded it as a compliment that they should do so.

I may say that all music hall performers have my full and free permission to borrow anything that may appear in these pages for the purpose of their stage business. Every line in the paper is most strictly copyrighted, and may not be reproduced by any other periodical whatsoever, but I do not stick to the letter of the law so far as the verbal telling of any of my stories goes.

EDITORS.

I remember the first editor whose acquaintance I made. He was the hard working chief of a small country newspaper, but to me he appeared to be a type of demigod. Now that I recall him, I can only laugh at the awe with which I regarded him. He was courteous, quiet, and altogether pleasant, but I hung upon his words as if he were the greatest and the cleverest man who was ever born.

I have observed some visitors treat me in the same manner during the first few minutes of our interview, but they drop it after that, for I manage to show them very plainly that an editor is simply an ordinary man who is working for his living, and who does not, if he be sensible, make any pretensions of being otherwise.

I detest being regarded with awe, and I am happy to possess the knack of putting even nervous people at their ease.

GREAT MEN.

My knowledge of people who are really great is not very extensive, but those I have met have always been, when you got to know them, and when they dropped what you might call their public mask, just plain ordinary people, generally with a little more charm than usual, because they were a little more than usually strong or clever.

Not very long ago I was staying with a friend in the country, and he took me over on the Saturday afternoon to call on a neighbour of his whose name is one that is very well known in politics, and who occupies one of the highest positions in the present Government.

I had never met this gentleman before, although I had heard and read much about him. Of course, I did not believe that he was half so clever as his supporters asserted, or half such a villain as the newspapers of the other party alleged.

When we went into the drawing-room he was standing in front of the fire dressed in evening clothes, although it was not more than five o'clock.

"I must apologise," he said, "for being dressed like this, but I came in sweating from golf and wanted a bath, so I thought I might as well put on a dress suit now as later."

As he was speaking a servant came in to light the two standard lamps. There was something the matter either with them or with the oil, for both flickered persistently.

To set them right was at that moment the [illegible] and only care of a man whose public business deals with the destiny of nations. He ran [illegible] one to the other, raising or lowering the wick with as much interest as if he had never done [illegible] important work in all his life.

Men are very human after all, when you [illegible] know them a little more intimately than the public does.

QUALIFIED FOR THE LEAGUE.

Every week I receive letters from readers who want to know whether they are worthy of admission to THE MODERN MAN League. [illegible] are self-conscious of divers shortcomings, among them being the fact that they have not gone in actively for sport.

I thought I had made it sufficiently clear from time to time that I did not wish the League to consist wholly of sporting experts, professional footballers, 'Varsity rowing men, or celebrated billiard players. I have no desire to bar [illegible] these classes, and I welcome them most heartily, but I want a much wider league of friendship than could possibly be established if we restricted membership to those who are clever in sport.

I think I am safe in saying that every reader of this paper is either a sportsman in actual practice, or else a sportsman at heart, and if he were neither, he would not find the [illegible] very interesting to him. I welcome the man who is a sportsman at heart just as warmly as I do the man who excels at games or athletics. My only stipulation is that he shall be a pleasant, clubbable sort of being, and I think that all my readers are that.

LEAGUE MEETINGS.

I am continually receiving letters from readers who have met fellow members of the League in various parts of the country. Sometimes it has been in the railway train, sometimes casually in the street, but always they have found a congenial friend, and in many cases a firm and lasting friendship has sprung up as a result.

On the other hand, I receive letters from time to time from readers, usually in the large towns, saying that they rarely see anyone wearing the badge.

However, even if every member of the League always wore his badge, this would be hardly to be wondered at, for although the League has attained a gigantic membership in a remarkably short space of time, its numbers must necessarily be small when compared with the five million or so inhabitants of London, for instance.

MANUSCRIPTS.

It is an extraordinary thing how many of those who send in contributions to this office seem to be entirely unable to get in touch with the spirit of the paper.

I am continually receiving stories and articles dealing with the Indian Mutiny and similar episodes of the forgotten past, which one would have thought that the very name of the subject would keep at a distance.

The modern man is more interested in the men and women round about him than in the doings of the long-distant past or in the number of pigtails that all the pigtails in China would reach if they were out in a row—which is the sort of information that is contained in many of the articles sent in for my consideration.

It is naturally impossible for me personally to read all the manuscripts submitted, for these amount to some hundreds each week. Such articles, therefore, are summarily dealt with by my reader, and only those of exceptional merit are finally submitted to me.

May I take this opportunity of asking the indulgence of those readers who have sent in contributions and have not yet received an acknowledgment of them, for the task of dealing with these is necessarily heavy, and though every care is taken some delay is inevitable if the manuscripts are to receive due consideration.

YOUR EDITOR.

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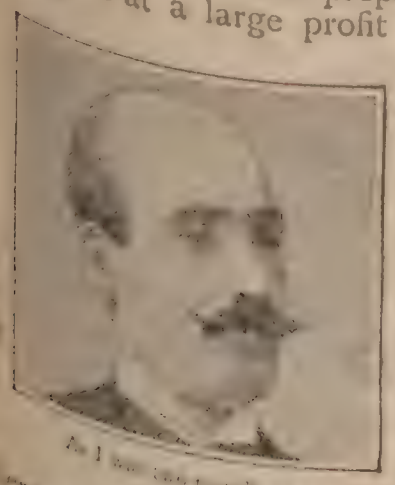

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SPORTING STORIES

SAILORS' MAKINGS.

The big liner ploughed her way over a blue and smooth sea. Here and there on the deck sailors with pots of paint and gigantic brushes could be seen painting everything within their reach.

Suddenly dropping his brush, one of them rushed to a passenger who was wearing a black suit.

"Oh, sir," he cried, distressfully, "you've sat down on that white wet paint."

Like a rocket the man leaped into the air, executed various acrobatic contortions, and tried to look at the seat of his trousers.

"But I've got a bottle of benzine in my bunk," said the sailor cheerfully. "I'll run and get it. I'll have your clothes all right in a jiffy."

The benzine arrived, and a few minutes later the two went their several ways, he of the black suit with a peaceful mind and the sailor with a shilling, a smiling face—and a bottle full of benzine.

"That's the third to-day, Bob," he remarked as he renewed operations with the paint-brush. "That little bottle of benzine was the best investment I ever struck."

COMPANIONS IN MISFORTUNE.

Archibald was his name, and he was a parrot of more than ordinary intelligence.

His perch stood in the window overlooking the street, and he was an object of admiration to the passers-by.

One day a man came down the street with a cart, shouting "Co-oal! Co-oal!" at the top of his voice, and Archibald felt that something must be done to keep him quiet, so he called out "Two sacks!"

The man stopped, looked at the house for confirmation, but not a soul was visible at door or windows.

However, an order for two sacks was not a thing to be passed by, so he shot the coal into the cellar and rang the bell.

The master of the house threw down his book in his study upstairs and opened the door.

It took a surprising time to convince him that two sacks of coal had been ordered, but at last a light broke over his countenance, and he paid up.

Then he slammed the door, walked into the dining-room, wrang Archibald's neck, and flung him down the coal-hole.

As he went upstairs again he fell over the cat, so he wrang the cat's neck, and the remains also found a last resting-place upon the newly-arrived coal.

Before long Archibald opened an eye. Then he opened two eyes, and began to look around him. The first thing his eyes fell upon was the corpse of the luckless cat. "Hullo, old pal," he said, feelingly, "how many sacks did you order?"

HAD ENOUGH.

The tramcar was very full, and there were several people standing. Eventually all the ladies had been accommodated except one. She had been offered a seat twice, and twice had blushingly refused.

Presently an elderly gentleman got up, raised his hat with an air of eighteenth-century gallantry, and said,

"Do take my seat, madam. You are looking very tired."

Then the young lady bade him sit down, saying,

"No, thank you, I'd rather not. I've been rinking, and I'm tired of sitting down."

FASHIONS IN DOGS.

POINTS OF THE PEKINESE.

Fashions in dogs now change more rapidly than formerly. We have had the "great dog," the middle-weight animal, the sporting dog, and Borzois, and now is the day of the Toy dog. There are so many varieties of toy dogs that they will last for a long round of changing fashions.

The Pekinese, or Pekin Palace Dog as he is called, is the reigning king, having ousted the Bouledogue Français and others.

The foreign dog has ever been popular in this tight little island of ours; it is our pleasant way of welcoming the alien. And it is something in the shape of compensation that on the Continent the bulldog is perhaps the most popular of all British dogs.

Among the sportsmen of France, Belgium, and Germany, English spaniels, pointers, and setters stand on a firm foundation, and have proved their utility.

To-day the Pekinese is selling at such fancy sums as £50 for a dog that may not be right in the first class. Very ordinary specimens, so long as the present boom lasts, can be sold at prices ranging from £10 to £25.

The Pekinese must not be long in body, must stand close to the ground, must possess a deep chest, and slope behind the ribs to a lifeguardsman's waist.

A dog with luminous expressive eyes is the sort which immediately ingratiates itself with womenkind.

Now the eyes of the Pekinese—like those of the bulldog—must be large and luminous. The nose must also be black; it must be broad and flat.

The fact that the Pekinese is so much loved among womenfolk is that he is so handy to move about. He can be hidden in a pretty big sleeve—indeed, I have often noticed one nestling cosily in a large muff.

Their ideal weight is 6lb. or 7lb., although the maximum is 10lb. and the minimum about half that poundage.

The coat should be long, straight, soft in its quality, not wavy, and not woolly. The hair on the shoulders must be longer than that on the rest of the body, and the "feathering" on the thighs, legs, and tails as dense as possible.

Sturdy, strong, yet lacking inches and weight, the Pekinese is a quaint study of contradictions. Yet he looks game enough for anything.

JAMES MEDWAY.

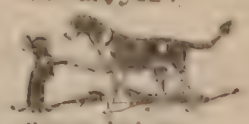
MOLASSINE

DOG & PUPPY CAKES

Hound and Terrier Meal

are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms, and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.

How are you?



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MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL makes hens lay eggs in abundance.

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KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

Rapid Physical Development

HOW TO TEST YOUR FITNESS.

Do not let the idea that physical exercises are an end in themselves get fixed in your mind. There is, of course, a certain sense in which the successful accomplishment of a specific trick or feat is an end in itself.

If this were not so there would be far less physical culture. A man likes to know that he can per orm certain bodily exercises and actions that, perhaps, not one in a hundred of the men he meets in the street can perform.

But physical culture's widest object, and, of course, its most desirable object, is to bring a man in every physical way to his best possible development.

A man may be doing wonders with chairs, dumb-bells, leg exercises, and developers of all sorts.

Things he could not tackle three months ago may now be child's play to his trained muscles, and to his greater knack.

But is he really fitter? And how is he to find out?

Well, it is no use going through a sort of examination, testing oneself with all the feats one has worked up, after the manner of an exam.

The thing to do is to attempt some test which does not specifically try any one limb or set of limbs, or muscle or set of muscles.

Go in for something that will test your endurance. A long walk—not less than a 20-mile tramp—is a good way of finding out whether your body can now endure more than it was formerly capable of enduring.

Anything like a long walk—or, what is just as good, a cross-country run, with plenty of jumping—will test you in every way, and so put you through your paces as to wind, reserve strength, adaptability to circumstances, and all that is included in the term stamina.

That is the best test of the value of physical culture.

FOR THE BACK MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the feet slightly separated and the whole body in an easy position. Then place the hands behind the back as depicted in the sketch, the right elbow being raised in the air and the left forearm in the small of the back.

A resistance exercise.

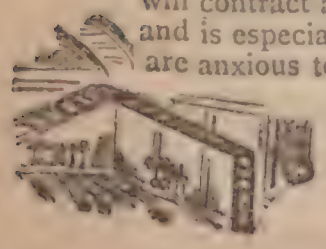
Now clasp the hands behind the back, which is an operation that may present some little difficulty at first, but by a little feeling about you will accomplish it, and find that it is not so very difficult after all.

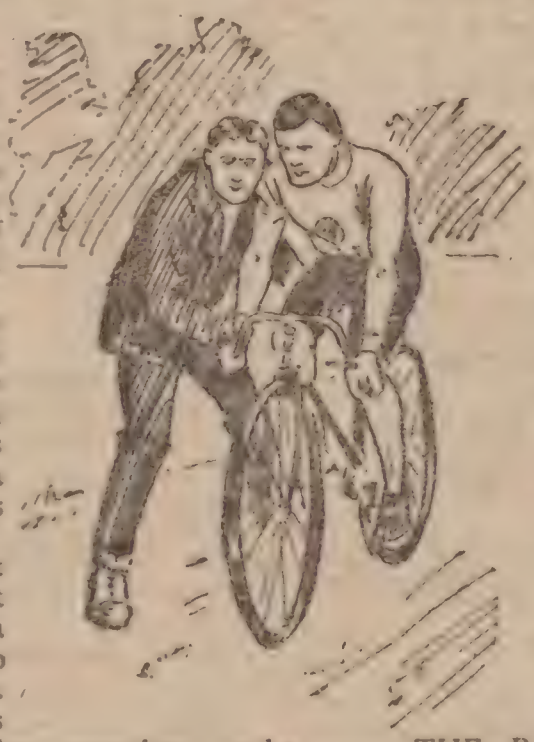
The secret is to keep the *back* of the lower hand against the body.

Having got a good grip by interlocking the fingers, tense the arm muscles, and pull with one arm against the other as hard as you can.

Maintain the resistance until the utmost force of both arms is exerted, and then relax it slowly. Release the hands, return the arms to the sides and repeat the process with the position of the arms reversed.

This exercise will not only benefit the arms, but will contract and exercise the muscles of the back, and is especially to be recommended to those who are anxious to cure round shoulders.





A GOOD STRETCH.

There is great refreshment and undeniable pleasure in a mere good stretch. Even a yawn, which is a stretch, is a luxury.

But there is a deep-seated natural cause for the desire to stretch, and to give way to it is fall in with Nature's demands.

Working in fixed positions as so many of us do, there is a tendency on the part of our limbs, muscles, tendons, and all our physical frame, to become cramped.

It is the same with legs, back, chest, and all.

To counteract this tendency, it should be a regular practice to expand the frame to its utmost limits whenever physical exercises are carried out.

THE BODY AS A BRIDGE.

The athlete who systematically cultivates the several parts of his body by definite exercises designed to bring on to perfection a certain set of muscles, should now and again give details a rest, and should go through some exercise that will act as a co-ordinating influence between all his muscles.

No muscle escapes some work.

He needs to bring them into consonance, to work them together, and many are the suggestions that have been made as to the best exercise for this purpose.

The one here illustrated and described has the merit of being very widely adopted wherever physical culture is carried on.

The body takes the form of a bridge, more or less. The toes and the hands are the two foundations, and between these extremities every inch of muscle is called upon to do its supporting work as the body is raised and lowered by bending the elbows.

If there is a weak spot anywhere along the whole arch, this exercise will find it out, and the bridge may collapse.

The body must be kept rigid while being raised and lowered. Do not let the head hang below the level of the shoulders. Keep it as far as possible in alignment with the rest of the body, only raising it a little when the body is raised to its highest.

All other exercises contribute to the ability to perform this rising and falling arch exercise; and conversely this one tests the progress made in carrying out all others.

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THE MOST PROFITABLE INVESTMENT ON RECORD

"All time and money spent in training the body pays a larger interest than any other investment."—GLADSTONE.

It would be interesting to know exactly who holds the record as the most profitable investment. Some people talk glibly of stocks and shares, others interested in sport say that Physical Culture takes the palm. The latter claim that improved health and increased energy command and receive an equivalent in every business life, which must ensure the return of any monetary outlay a thousand times over. Hence they claim that Physical Culture, followed on the scientific basis now taught by the different professors, is without doubt the most profitable investment it is possible for man (and for that matter, woman) to make. One thing is certain, and that is that those individuals who, suffering from some long-continued trying illness or physical defect, have turned to scientific Physical Culture, and obtained a cure, will agree with the physical culturists. Money is a great power—perhaps the greatest power in the world to-day—but in the making of it the business man must have health and strength. If deficient in energy and vitality, with a weak constitution dogging his endeavours like an old man of the sea, no matter how clever such a man may be, he cannot succeed as would another man equally clever mentally, but with perfect health and strength. Many business men are unfortunately handicapped by poor health, in consequence of which they cannot turn out their best work, and in any case to work at all is a hardship, whereas it is possible to the healthy man for business to be a pleasure. It can readily be conceived, therefore, that to a business man Physical Culture may prove in each individual case—"My most profitable investment."

A good sign, however, that the necessity of Physical Culture is being generally recognised is that it is being taken up at most schools to-day, and since different firms have extensively pushed athletic appliances and courses of home training, it has been proved that the national physique has perceptibly improved.

Mr. Thomas Inch, Physical Culture Expert, of Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W., is prepared to forward to any reader mentioning THE MODERN MAN free booklets, entitled "Health at Home," and "Inch System Up-to-Date," which are full of most instructive and interesting matter relating to Physical Culture, and no reader who values his health, his strength, or athletic success should fail to secure copies. Terms will be quoted for the cure of any ordinary ailment or the eradication of any physical defect. Mr. Inch is a practical man, recommended by the well-known protean athlete, C. B. Fry, and also by the Editors of every Physical Culture Magaziue extant, besides which over 30,000 pupils endorse his claim to be the leading Physical Culture Expert. His book, "Health at Home," contains a most interesting chapter, "Physical Culture and Brain Workers," which no man of sedentary occupation should neglect reading. Unfortunately, the brain-worker to-day is too apt to neglect his body.

When an authority and expert like Mr. Inch is prepared to undertake cases needing Physical Culture treatment *under guarantee*, for quite a nominal fee, there is really no excuse for the round-shouldered, flat-chested, and emaciated men one constantly sees, especially in large cities, failing to make a presentable appearance. One of the greatest mistakes a man can make is to immediately fly to drugs at the first sign of any complaint.

"*Accuse not Nature, she hath done her thine.*"—Milton.

WEAKENED NERVES REQUIRE FOOD NOT "DRUGS" OR "TONICS."

"Taking tonics or stimulating drugs, in cases of Nerve Trouble, is folly of the worst kind It is like giving neat brandy to a starving man. A temporary and misleading improvement is effected, which quickly passes, and leaves the exhausted nervous system in worse plight than ever."

The above statement was made by Dr. Muller, the World Famous Nerve Specialist, and the more the question of Nervous Troubles is studied, the more convinced must one become that the statement is not only true, but is if anything an under-statement of the facts.

Tonic and stimulating drugs by the score are extensively advertised and sold as panacea for Nervous Weakness, to the ultimate loss of the sufferers, simply because the cause of Nerve Exhaustion, and the Natural Method of Nerve Recuperation, have hitherto not been understood.

Fortunately, owing to the researches of Dr. Muller and other advanced scientists, the matter can be stated in such simple language as to be easily understood and appreciated by all.

Briefly, the Nervous System, which controls and directs the whole delicate organism of the human body, and which is easily deranged by worry, overwork, trouble, excess, or any other cause which tends to place too great a strain on the Nervous System, is composed of many millions of tiny nerve cells, and for a person to be healthy and remain in a perfect state of Nerve Health (upon which so much of the bodily health and mental powers depend), these millions of nerve cells must be regularly supplied with the one essential nutritive substance on which they depend for their sustenance.

This essential element is extracted by the blood and supplied to the nerve cells in incessant quantities from the ordinary food, to feed the always hungry nerve cells in the form of naturally organised phosphorus; but as soon as undue strain, worry, or any other cause makes an extra demand on the nerves the consumption of this all-important substance, the quantity extracted from one's ordinary food becomes insufficient, and Nerve Starvation and Nerve Exhaustion surely follow.

Hence the futility of Tonics, Drugs, or Stimulants. Tonics are often useful in the case of a body debilitated by disease. True! they are useful in their right place, because they help to create a bodily appetite and thus aid bodily digestion. It is then the food that works and builds up the system by the assimilation of our ordinary food. The Tonic only creates the appetite. To the simplest it will be apparent that it is useless to create an appetite and then withhold food. yet that is exactly what is done in taking drugs or tonics for Nervous Troubles.

An appetite is created, food is readily taken, but the nerve cells are still unable to extract the essential element they are crying for, and the excess of ordinary food but clogs and poisons the system.

THE MILLIONS OF NERVE CELLS ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY.

They do not require an appetite. They require food, but not ordinary food. They are crying for the one essential element which alone is of food value to them, and which they are being deprived of. Under the Tonic Treatment you create a further appetite, but supply no food. Could folly be carried to greater lengths? The inevitable result of this mistaken treatment is seen daily in the ever-increasing army of Neurasthenic wrecks; in the increasing number of sufferers from Neuralgia, Insomnia, Brain Fag, Debility, Weakness, Loss of Mental Power, and the hundred and one other forms by which an exhausted and starved Nervous System cries aloud for Nourishment—cries for Nerve Food, not Drugs.

WHAT IS DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT?

Dr. Muller, whose name will be known to all, has produced an exact counterpart of the essential Nutrient of which the Nerve Cells are composed, and on which alone they can be nourished, and further by a special process of his own, has rendered this substance easily assimilable through the blood into the Nervous System; thus by Natural Means feeding, revitalising and rebuilding the exhausted Nerve Cells to a state of robust and vigorous Nerve Health. There is still something, if possible of almost more importance, which his now famous Nerve Nutrient does for suffering mankind. While enriching the Blood, in its process of manufacturing the essential element for the sustenance of the Nerve Cells, it so encourages, increases, and strengthens the all-important White Corpuscles of the Blood, those ever-ready soldiers (who when the Blood is in a state of Health, are always on guard to fight and destroy harmful disease germs continually entering the system), that after a course of Dr. Muller's Nutrient one becomes almost practically immune from attack by these harmful germs. Dr. Muller's Nutrient therefore serves a treble purpose. It enriches the Blood, renders liability to attack from the insidious enemy of disease germs almost non-existent, and it builds, by Natural Means, strong and Healthy Nervous Systems.

How the English Company, having the sole English and Colonial rights for the distribution of Dr. Muller's Nutrient, will prove these statements.

You are asked to be the sole judge of the correctness of these statements, and entirely at our cost. Just write to the address below, enclosing one penny stamp only for postage; mentioning this paper, and you will receive in a plain sealed envelope, post paid:—

1. Dr. Muller's wonderfully enlightening Book on the Nervous System, published at 1s., and aptly called "The Way to Health." This Book is printed in two colours throughout, and contains, in non-technical language, the whole theory of nerve exhaustion, its cause and remedy. It is profusely illustrated in colours, with diagrams specially drawn for this work.

2. Dr. Muller's latest brochure (translated into English) on "The Prolongation of Life, with Hints on Diet."

3. A trial box of Dr. Muller's Nerve Nutrient.

All the above will be sent you absolutely free of cost, the penny stamp simply defraying the postage.

HOW WE PROVE OUR FAITH.

Any member of the medical profession, in active practice, sending his card will be supplied post free with a large box of Dr. Muller's Nutrient for experimental purposes, *together with the complete formula*. Never before in the whole history of preparations offered to the public has such an offer been made to the Medical Profession. If we were not perfectly confident that the preparation is all we claim for it, such an offer as this would be indeed an impossibility. The very fact of it being made and carried out proves beyond a shadow of doubt that Dr. Muller's Nutrient is exactly what it is claimed to be—a true and easily assimilable food for exhausted nerves.

We do not place our faith on expressions of opinion by Medical Men in far away corners of Europe, where medical etiquette is lax; but we have received hundreds of letters from Doctors, Nurses, and other people in all parts of the Kingdom, who write in grateful thanks. The very genuine nature of these hundreds of letters is proved by the fact that in all cases they accompany orders for further treatment and are from people who have paid for Dr. Muller's Nutrient, and who enclose remittances for further supplies, sometimes for themselves, sometimes for friends. All these letters may be freely inspected at our offices at any time.

Nervous trouble shows itself in numerous ways, of which the following are some of the manifestations.

Sleeplessness.	*Sweating Without cause.*
Pains at Small of Back or in Body.	*Morbid Fears.*
Noises in Ears and Head.	*Failure of Memory.*
Dizziness.	*Specks before the Eyes.*
Melancholia.	*Lassitude.*
Dislike for Physical or Mental Effort.	*Excessive Timidity.*
Fear of Insanity.	*Inability to Concentrate the Mind.*

If you have any of the above symptoms or your Nervous System is in any way deranged, you should, in your own interests, write at once, enclosing one stamp and mentioning this paper, when convincing proof will be sent you that you can quickly rid yourself of all nerve illness, and you will be able to see how pleasant, and free from all difficulties in taking, is this wonderful Nutrient Treatment. If you remain a Nerve Sufferer when such sure and pleasant means are to hand the fault will be entirely yours. The remedy under Scientific Nerve Nutrition is a positive fact, whatever disappointments you may have had in the past from misleading Tonic Preparations, Dr. Muller's Nutrient is not a tonic, not a drug, not a stimulant, but is just as surely a food and builder-up of strong and healthy Nerve Cells, and acts in just the same natural way on the Nervous System as good, easily digestible food would act on a starved and emaciated body. Neither want Drugs, but food—food which they can assimilate.

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"HOUSE" BROKER'S CURIOUS CIRCULAR:

The following, with its obvious comment, is reprinted from the "Financial Chat" column of a famous daily paper. What we have to say will be found farther on.

"In consequence of the huge pressure of business arising from the present 'boom' in Rubber Shares we find ourselves so overwhelmed with orders that it is with great difficulty we are able to give proper attention to the many limits entrusted to us by clients."

"We have, therefore, come to the decision that for the next fortnight we must decline to undertake any further orders, so as to enable us to complete the clerical and other work connected with the purchases and sales which we have in hand or have already effected."

"In order to avoid causing our clients inconvenience, we think it well to issue this circular letter, asking them to refrain from sending us any further orders just at present. . . ."

Such a circular must be practically without precedent in Stock Exchange Business or in any other business. Whoever heard before of a firm begging its clients not to send it commission orders for a fortnight because it has enough work on hand already?

OUTSIDE-BROKING AS A POWER.

We now ask you to read the following, which is an extract from the City Page of a well-known Weekly Journal—in no way connected with the daily paper referred to and, if anything, rather prejudiced against the outside broker. The headline, "Outside Broking as a Power," is practically admitted by the journal from which these remarks are taken, as it refers to circumstances under which outside broking might be a "much greater power in the land."

There is no reason on earth, so far as I am aware, why an outside broking business should not be run on honest and prosperous lines. . . The Stock Exchange is constantly inviting the creation of outside competition by its fatuous proposal of new rules, all designed with the intention of benefiting its members, but totally leaving out of consideration the clients upon whom they live. For several weeks past the Committee have been talking about a new scale of commissions, and attempting to fix a minimum.

They have thrown out the idea now, but the very fact that they entertained it exhibits their lack of modernity. They ought to fix a maximum scale instead of a minimum, and they ought to recognise that they are not immune from outside competition. The other day I bought a few shares round about 12s. 6d. apiece. The broker—a member of the House—charged me threepence a share for buying them, and, the next account, he charged me three-halfpence a share for selling them. I made a profit on the deal, it is true, but the broker made more than I did, and the jobber had his turn as well, while I took the risk. Can the Stock Exchange wonder that the outside broker flourishes? Outside broking would be a much greater power in the land. . . . Find an honest outside broker, and he will beat your hide-bound Stock Exchange man six days in the week. Sundays don't count.

WHAT THE N.S.E. HAVE TO SAY.

Having read—if you were sufficiently interested—the two foregoing extracts in conjunction, we now add what we ourselves have to say. Outside Broking is inferentially described in the second extract as "a great power." Well, the National Share Exchange is the Largest Firm of Stock and Share Dealers in the United Kingdom. If you deal with us there are no commissions to pay, and such an experience as that recounted is impossible.

The profit between buying and selling is not devoured by the broker and the jobber. As for the tribute to the ability of the outside broker, well, ability will not be harnessed by grandmotherly rules. That is why he is outside the "House." These are the days when it pays to serve the "big public," even with a small return.

As regards the first extract, comment is superfluous. The National Share Exchange exists to do business, not to refuse it. We are Masters of Ways and Means for the benefit of clients. And at all times and under any circumstances we are ready to open deals. We simply state that

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We send out advices and recommendations. Our clients make money. The amount at the head of this column has been paid away to clients who have accepted our advices. You can make money by dealing with us. You need not deal at once. Write and ask for our advices and watch the markets. Fill in Coupon and post to us.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

OFFICE DISCORDS.

There is a type of man who often obtains a cheap popularity among the younger and junior members of a firm, and, indeed, among all who are stupid enough to take him seriously and listen to him, by the dry, easy method of running down his office and all that goes on therein.

He is not a bad sort of fellow really, and as often as not he does his work well and to the satisfaction of his employers. Moreover, his presence in business is not a serious source of annoyance to those who know him and can see through the superficial froth of his loud talk.

Nevertheless, he is a type of employé that should be rather avoided than cultivated by his fellows.

The great danger to be feared from such men is that they are very liable to start movements within the office that have serious results for those involved in them.

The burden of much of such men's talk is the alleged ideal reached in other offices. At Brown & Co.'s they have a splendid notion of keeping the books"; and the merits of the method are described vaguely.

Sometimes the criticism takes the form of envy as to salaries. "We never had to wait for a rise at Jones's; it always came with a dozen times, and then you don't always get it."

Remarks such as these—mere grumblings of an irresponsible fellow—have an effect in time upon others who may take them more seriously than they are intended.

The office critic and grumbler is indeed one of the greatest nuisances to business men. They are often good workers, and cannot be accused of anything meriting the "sack," but often they are centres of office discord. And more often they are of the class that is only capable of destructive criticism and not of practical work.

The obvious retort to such men is that they should never have left the ideal offices in which they appear to have worked.

What a pity to throw up a soft and comfortable running job to come into such an ill-conducted firm!

A little twitting of this sort often touches a tender spot, not quite healed, and the critic is silenced until he finds a less critical audience.

Employers who are cursed with men of this type should not hesitate to get rid of them. They may lose good workers, but the harmony of the office is a more precious jewel, and good workers are not so rare after all.

If a man has any sound criticism to make concerning the work of the office in which he is living, he should not waste it on the air or on an audience of powerless colleagues. Let him think over it, elaborate it in his own mind, turn it round and over and up and down, and then submit it where it will be considered on its merits.

If there is anything valuable in his suggestions he may be sure that they will receive the consideration they merit; and he himself will not be forgotten.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

BUSINESS

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE RUBBER SHARE MARKET.

As I state to a correspondent, the Rubber Share Market is remarkably strong, and while I think the market good for some time, the public will be well advised to act cautiously. For the mad gamble that is going on the public will have to pay the piper later, and it depends on my individual correspondents whether they will help to pay for it. The day of reckoning will come when the different companies get or are refused a special settlement. There is a lot of profit-making proceeding—everybody is making profits—on paper. Not quite the same thing as hard cash.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

I think we shall soon see a general advance—more or less—in this market. "Yankees" are not used to taking second or third place, and must be frightfully jealous of the popularity of Rubber Shares.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—H. S. (Willesden) and several others.—In my opinion you need have no hesitation in opening business relations with this bank. It is true they offer depositors more than the ordinary rate of interest, but there is no reason why they should not be able to afford 5 per cent., 6 per cent., and 7 per cent., seeing that notice of withdrawal is necessary. It is purely a matter of investment values. The bank has been established since 1870, and from what I hear the business is going strong.

VALLAMBROSAS.—F. P. (Portsmouth).—I consider these Rubber Shares good for a better price than 60s. The Rubber Share Market is remarkably strong.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE "HOUSE."—E. K. (Croydon). Membership for the first year of the London Stock Exchange costs the "three-decker" (*i.e.*, one who has not been a clerk in the "House" for four years) about £500. In addition, the new member must purchase one share in that institution, costing about £180 until recently, before the Rubber boom, and find three sureties for £500 each for five years. If, however, he has served four years in the "House" as a clerk, he can get in with a payment of £250, and by finding two sureties for £300 each for three years. The annual subscription is about £50 per year, and the member has also many more calls on him to support clubs and one thing and another, on the social side of the "House."

F. A. L. (Haltwhistle).—Have turned up particulars of the company you name, but they do not impress me. In fact, in my opinion, they are not good enough for me to advise your opening any new business with them. But that is not your query, though I give it to explain my meaning better. I do not, however, advise you to take any steps that would prejudice your existing interest in this company. You might quite reasonably address your query to some newspaper which makes a feature on insurance queries, and there are many.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

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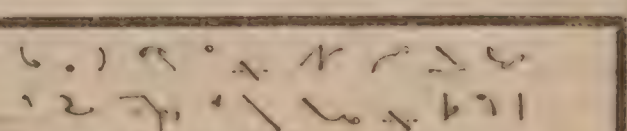

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Tom Burgess, Horseman

OUR NEW SERIES OF STORIES. EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE.

By J. F. JAMESON

VIII.
A MASTER OF HORSE.

There are delights even in being a traveller by the only means of locomotion afforded to Adam. The heat of the day, the dust-clouds one's feet kick up in the dead air, may be prone to dull one's senses, yet, after a bread-and-cheese dinner beneath a hedge's shade, there is the cool of the later afternoon to look forward to. But the true reward of the wayfarer, vagabond or gentleman of means, comes before the day's fatigue—with the early dawn.

Now, when a man has no fixed occupation, no friends, a little of that dross which gilds this existence—or, to descend from the heights of poesy, sufficient to keep him in a flagon of ale and a plate of biscuit-and-cheese, there is no rule of the road which forbids him to shake the dust of a place from his feet as the sun rises, and set out on his way.

Thus, Tom Burgess left behind him the village of Mannerbridge, Leicestershire, while the cocks were yet saluting the dawn—a free-lance afield once more—with all the bright world before him. It was a world with its wayside grass yet gemmed, its hedgerow twigs a blaze of silver glistening points like gleams of brilliant steel, and on the horizon—the sun, shining for prince and beggar alike.

This, too, was no world for portmanteaux or bags. Tom Burgess had wrapped up his dandy-brushes, his clippers and such small things as could be crushed into a bundle. Behind him in Mannerbridge were his possessions to wait there until sent for. It was for Fate to decide when that should be. It was not a matter that troubled him very much on that glorious, sweet-scented, early summer's dawn.

Wherefore, he swung into his stride and passed along the broad road, out-distancing the farm labourers on the way to their toil. High up the larks sang in the speckless blue, and an invisible piping orchestra hopped about unseen in the big hedges. And thus the mile-stones appeared, out of the green banks, on the traveller's line of vision, became clearer so that the ever-lessening distance to Market Malbury was a thing to cheer him on, and were left behind again. Steadily, lightly humming sometimes and ruminating at others, but ever hopeful, Tom Burgess swung along, as one of an army on a long march.

How long he had been walking he did not know—but it was a voice, proceeding from a haystack beyond a collection of red-tiled farm buildings, that stopped him. A little further on was the inn, where he had intended to breakfast.

"Breakfast time," said the voice. "Breakfast time, lad."

Burgess stopped. Leicestershire is a county that approves of casual address—and the remark was not without its grain of reason.

"I know——"

He paused. There was something fascinating in fraternising with a man who saw fit to eat his breakfast under a hedge.

"Where are you?" said he. Then came the voice again.

"Jump the hedge and it's to a gentleman of fortune that I'll introduce ye. Jump the hedge, I say."

There was a convenient gap and the day was young.

Burgess hopped over it lightly.

"Well done, lad!"

Burgess located the voice. There was a cut-out space in the haystack and, neatly bedded, a man lay at full length, somewhat picturesquely. His clothes, if rather too roomy for his slender form, were neat. Burgess was rather disappointed. He had expected to find a man in rags—a country gentleman of leisure in very reduced circumstances—of the sort the charge-sheet refers to as a "tramp."

"Hullo!" said Burgess. It seemed the only possible thing to say under the circumstances.

"Anything to do?" asked the gentleman of leisure.

Burgess indicated his bundle.

"I see—going to the horse-fair at Market Malbury? Good. We shall be fellow-travellers. Pardon me — mind-you, your hair doesn't show it, and your fingers are too thick, but——"

"Well," said Burgess, looking down on the picturesquely-posed gentleman.

"But that bundle contains no instrument of music? Ah, I thought not. It was only an idea. I wondered if we were fellow-artists also——"

"Or artist fellows," Burgess suggested lightly. "Come, what about that breakfast?"

"One moment. A gentleman does not breakfast until he has put on his collar." The occupier of the haystack rummaged in his pockets and produced a small, carefully rolled parcel, the string of which he untied.

Burgess stifled an exclamation in time. It was a white collar of the celluloid sort that are swiftly washable; a red tie also tumbled out.

"I washed at the brook yonder before you came up; the soap and a small towel I keep in the place provided for music in my violin case. See! Now, take this bottle and go to that cowshed—there. Say that King John's musician entertains a gentleman at breakfast this morning—and requires a double supply. Go on. They won't refuse you."

"They" did not. A white-whiskered cow-keeper returned Burgess the bottle, filled with milk, warm from the cow.

Burgess strolled back in leisurely fashion over the daisy-carpeted pasture to the sun-baked stack, where the musician, his toilet completed, sat up and waited for him. In Leicestershire one eats the renowned home-made cheese at every meal. That and good white bread formed the staple diet of this most amazing breakfast. Burgess simply ate while the musician held forth in a lofty discourse, some half of which Burgess comprehended.

It is not part of the education of a horseman to be acquainted with the merits of Brahms, Schubert, the sonatas of Beethoven.

Burgess went on to make [illegible] marks which delighted the musician, however, did not notice that they were the embodiment of his own opinions up in another form. Yet this is the art of conversing upon things one does understand. The healthy young man at breakfast thinks of nothing but his breakfast.

It seemed that the strange man's patronymic was McClure—Roy McClure. Admittedly he had been cast forth from the orchestra of a musical comedy theatre in London for excessive alcoholism, wherefore, having no home or kin, it seemed that he wandered round with his beloved violin, playing it when he was sober or drunk. (He was full of most engaging candour, this man.)

As Burgess was consuming the remainder of the milk he caught the name of John [illegible], landlord of the little hostelry known as the Halgate Arms—and thus he understood that Mr. McClure, who was willing to twist all the world round, termed himself "King John's musician."

"His majesty," observed the picturesque vagabond, "has made me his musician—why do I sleep beneath the stars? Why am I here? I ask you, young sir, do I look the sort that makes a stableman? Am I one to rub down horses with wisps of straw? I—pardon me—for surely you are such a man."

Burgess cast a critical glance upon the fingers of his host and shook his head. "Then not your line," he said. "But it's mine—or was, until yesterday."

"Well, King John—oh, he's a fine fellow of a man, a good man but unreasonable. Very unreasonable. Listen: The last stableman left to join the Army. Some affair of the heart, I think. I sleep in the loft, and during the day I play in the bar-parlour for coppers to those who don't know Mendelssohn from the composer of 'Put me upon an island where the girls are few'——"

"Horrible!" Burgess sympathised, shutting up his clasp knife. He had heard of Mendelssohn. Sometimes the band programmes of the Hyde Park Sunday afternoon performances were italicised with a name something like that.

"Well, as I said," the fiddler continued, "the stableman went, and then old King John suggested turning me—the king's musician, as he terms me—into his Master of Horse.

"I will spare you the details. His hand required me to make myself [illegible] artist to make himself handy. Imagine me in exchange for lodging in the loft and a certain wage, small because of my natural incompetence. Pah! I waved my bow at him. I told him it was not a whip for horses. He laughed and called me a wild Irishman—a real son of my mother (who was from Brittany). Oh, a great lover of a joke is King John! But to me it is no joke. I have my dismal lodging in the loft until I [illegible] nise with the next stableman, or groom, or coachman, who works in his employ. And I pray that he may be more musical than the last who knew but three songs—"The Dublin Races," "I Wanted to Join the Salvation Army," and "The Swanee River"—all hard to hear. Now you have my precise position, and I see you have finished your [illegible] and settled himself in the hay. The one thing one craves for, but may not have in the shade of a haystack, is a pipe of tobacco to put the lid on the cauldron of luxury. It is a reproach that all right-thinking men must harbour against a couch, which is, in itself, a thing above Turkish divans.

"What time does this Mr. King [illegible] asked Burgess, with interest.

"The chambermaid takes up his [illegible] shaving-water at eight-thirty——"

"And what sort of cattle has he?" Burgess.

"You saw the cows surely when you [illegible] over for the milk. . . . You mean her

London! Let's see, there are four. Well, they all seem dark brown to me—except the chestnut, and he's a devil to go. Even the man who has joined the Army used to say that he was the very deuce of a puller—whatever that may mean. No, sir, don't talk to me of horses. They kick at me (I seem fated), but for the matter of that so do men sometimes. And they are my brothers, you know. Oh, heavens, yes, my brothers. . . ."

He seemed to be lost in some sad reverie. Then Burgess, horseman, took leave to pity the weird, fantastic fiddler.

"They kick me, he said, "but ——" His hand reached over to his violin case. Burgess watched him tighten the black pegs, and tune the strings by his unerring ear. Then he had the instrument swaying under his chin —swaying while his thin fingers slid up and down the strings. Then faultlessly, drawn out with that exquisite wail that the passage contains—the "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn—and in the sunshine, with the birds supplying a symphony.

Burgess sat and fell to biting his fingernails nervously, fell to studying the buttons on his brown leggings. He did not say "Encore" when Roy McClure, dissolute son of a London theatre, took the last refrain to its exquisitely tender finish. He said, "Go on, man." It seemed certain that if comic operas had been produced at 8 a.m. instead of p.m., Roy McClure would have been his host that morning.

The fiddler looked up, sighed, and smiled. Across the pasture a big red-faced man, benevolent-looking, but with a certain purpose outlined in his chin, was approaching.

"His majesty the king approaches!" said the fiddler gaily.

"Hang ye," said Mr. John King, coming up; "you've run off with the key of my stable, and to-day we've to drive to Malbury Fair, worse luck."

"Sire," said the fiddler, rising and bowing, "I to leave the key on the nail in the empty lodge for knaves to steal that fine chestnut which you can't drive?"

He handed a big rusty key to mine host of the "Wagon and Horses."

"Well," said the innkeeper, considerably mollified, "there's usually some reason in your fooling. Now come along and help me to get that chestnut in. He's the only one, more's the pity, that can do the distance—and, if your friend likes, there's room for him on the rig, too."

"Sire," said the fiddler, "I have at last found a man who understands the Spring Song. Therefore, my habitation in the loft will be comfortable——"

"What do you——"

"Mean? Why, that this young man can drive us to Market Malbury safely to-day and back; . . . Let me introduce you, to your new Master of Horse."

Another story of this series will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

SPORT IN NOVELS.

How often do we pick up a novel dealing with sport, and subside happily into our armchair with it, only to throw it across the room a little later with an ejaculation of disgust. This is because so many people who write novels on sporting subjects are entirely ignorant of the sport they are dealing with.

In one of Ouida's novels we read of a dashing cavalry officer who has been seduously training down to ride a certain weight in a race carelessly draining a tumblerful of some liquor before mounting his horse! A writer who knew anything about training would have been aware that such a proceeding would have put two or three pounds on him in no time.

CLIMBERS AND LIQUID MANURE.

Many gardeners who have recently put up arches or trellis-work, or other erections which they wish to cover with some form of creeper, make the mistake of leaving them in their bare ugliness throughout the summer because it is too late to put in climbing roses, or some other kind of perennial on which they have set their heart.

There are various annuals which will answer the purpose, and will cover the woodwork or wall during the summer months, while they can easily be removed at the end of the season to make room for their hardier successor.

Tall, climbing nasturtiums or canary creeper (Tropæolum canariense) will produce most effective results, or the convolvulus can be obtained with vivid colours intermingled with the white of its large blossoms.

All these make excellent creepers, and the seed may now be sown, or in many cases the sweet pea can be pressed into the service. The everlasting sweet pea certainly makes a most effective and suitable covering for an archway, and if desired, it can be left to come up again next year, as it will do automatically.

Since it dies down completely, however, at the end of each season, it will hardly recommend itself as more than a temporary expedient to the man whose object is to cover some unsightly or bare piece of woodwork.

* * * * * * *

For the small garden, in which it is impossible to trench the beds thoroughly at the beginning of each year and to dig in manure, liquid manure is often of the greatest service.

If it can be obtained, the best form is the drainings from stables, farmyards, pigstyes, and so on, but if, as usual in the town, this is impossible, a good liquid manure may be made by half-filling an open tub with well-rotted dung and covering it with water, which can be drained off after a few days and applied to the plants with a watering-can.

Or pure Ichthemic guano may be used, one tablespoonful being well mixed with a gallon of rain-water, and this may be applied twice a week.

The most important thing to remember, however, is that liquid manure should *never* be applied in dry weather without first soaking the ground well with clear water. This should be done, if possible, some hours before the manure is used.

Most plants, and especially fruit trees, are the better for a soaking of liquid manure during the growing season, and it is so easily applied that it should recommend itself highly to the man whose time and space are limited, and who does his own gardening instead of deputing the pleasures of it to another and paying him for enjoying them.

* * * * * * *

The time has come again for mowing the lawn, and if it is a new one or if the grass has grown to a great length, it should be scythed first. The small gardener will be wise if he arranges to share such implements as a mowing machine, scythe and roller with a neighbour.

Or two or three men whose lawns are not large enough to provide much work for these rather costly accessories may club together and save much expense.

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A Clerk's Opinion.

Mr. G. W. Read, clerk, Fortnam Road, London, N.: "I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

H. G. (West End, Halifax).—We still have a few art plates of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's poster left, and shall be pleased to send one on receipt of postal order for one shilling.

H. R. L. (Mistley).—A ball of which the larger part is out of baulk is playable, and the stroke you describe is quite legitimate. If your opponent plays with the wrong ball, he is entitled to count any score made before you point out his error. There is no penalty, except that you are entitled to play with either ball.

J. C. S. (Northwood).—We have never heard of the cigarettes you mention, but should advise you to ask a London tobacconist.

A. E. D., 10, Ardconnell Terrace, Inverness, wants information about sheep-farming, and as to the possibility of getting taken on as a pupil. Can any of our readers help him?

A. W. C. (Norwich).—Write to the Editor of "The Connoisseur" or some similar paper, and send photographs or full description.

A. E. M. (Hulme).—The Admiralty Recruiting Officer, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W., will send you full particulars concerning the prospects of a career in the Royal Navy.

R. G. Bramfitt, St. Erney Farm, St. Germans, near Plymouth, wants to meet a sporting chum in his neighbourhood.

C. D. (Sheffield).—We do not advise you to cross the water if you have no idea of what you are going to do when you get there. It is not always easy to walk into a good job as soon as you land. You should apply to the Canadian Emigration Offices, Charing Cross, London, W.C., or by making application to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., you may learn the advantages and disadvantages of the various Colonies.

R. J. (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—The article entitled "The Science of Weight-Lifting" appeared in No. 75, and can be obtained post paid for twopence from our publishers.

A. L. (Brockley).—For full information as to how to join the police force, you should apply to the Commissioner of Police, New Scotland Yard, London, S.W.

A. B. (Nottingham).—You should write to the Elder Dempster Co., Water Street, Liverpool. They will supply full information as to clerks, stewards, &c., for ocean liners.

A. M. (Walthamstow).—Any of the better-known concert agents will supply you. If you think this will be too expensive for your committee, try "The Referee." There are columns of advertisements of excellent entertainers.

G. H. T. (Hastings).—Give it a long rest. Razors are peculiar things, and are given to fits of obstinacy. Sometimes they will work splendidly; at others, with the same treatment as before, they will do nothing. Lay it aside for a couple of months and then let a good barber deal with it.

E. A. R. (Bristol).—I do not advise you to take books away with you, especially for so short a holiday. If you find you must read you can spend quite a pleasant half-hour at the railway station selecting something to your taste at the bookstall. The best literature is very cheap to-day,

H. M. (Hammersmith).—"Never buy a pig in a poke" applies to every blind bargain. If you cannot see the bicycle, and have a trial ride, do not pay the money. Of course, with a new machine from the makers it is different. They have a name to keep up; the vendor of the second-hand bicycle may not have. He may not even have the bicycle!

L. G. (Tulse Hill).—Take your own soap and towel to the office and use no other. I often wonder how long the average business house will go on in the dirty old way. It is no criticism of your pals' cleanliness.

D. W. A. (Bingley).—To get the sails of your boat as white as those one sees on large yachts, scrub them well with a very weak solution of pipeclay.

M. E. (Richmond).—I have no idea what the various rinks intend doing in the month or two of summer when London is said to be "empty"; but unless you have something else in view I would hang on for the present at your job.

W. L. (Pimlico).—Make blunders. That is the only way to get corrected. And that is also the reason why foreigners pick up our language so rapidly. They are not afraid to use the few words they know and are not afraid of being laughed at, as are all, or most, Englishmen.

J. R. D. (Forest Gate).—You might send the suit you want dyed either to Pullar's or to Campbell's of Perth. Both are good firms. Ask them whether the colour you select is a suitable one, and abide by their decision; some materials dye better than others.

T. H. P. (Tiverton).—We think that C.'s break should count; the play-off for third and fourth prizes is a necessary part of the handicap. As it is a handicap, however, the break-prize should be for the best *proportionate* break. We are having having an article on this subject shortly.

R. P. (Southampton).—To remove dust and miscellaneous specks from black or navy-blue clothes, go over them with a brush that you have dipped in water; shake it fairly dry before applying it to the cloth.

J. T. H. (Bristol).—Wristlet watches are not intended for excessively hard usage. You say yours has never kept exact time since you drove in tent pegs at your last camp. See your sergeant-major, not your watchmaker.

T. O. (Dalkeith).—Why run to expense in the matter of boxing-gloves? You can get as much fun out of a 4s. 6d. set as out of a set of the finest Cape.

H. R. (London, E.).—Yours is not the first complaint we have had regarding that particular parson.

T. C. (Sheffield).—If you want your spurs to jingle—and it is a very pardonable vanity—get a pair that have a triangle cut out in the middle of the rowel; they will cost you about 3s. 6d. Don't go in for spur boxes; if someone happens to tread on a spur so fixed, it is liable to be jerked out. Use the kind that are stuck into the back of the heel with a spike and are screwed firmly at each side.

WHERE HAS MY MONEY GONE?

No doubt it often happens to you on reaching the last day before the blissful occasion on which salaries are paid out to wonder how on earth you have managed to spend your money.

You had intended to get a new suit, but you have not done it. Somehow your money seemed to dwindle down so, and soon you found that you couldn't afford it that week. But how has the money gone?

It is the same when you take an evening out. You start out with a very satisfactory supply of cash, which, however, you are determined not to spend; and the next morning, on counting the coins spread out on your dressing-table, you find they amount to a very meagre sum. You have bought nothing of any consequence. How has your money gone?

It is the little insignificant disbursements that run away with money. Fourpence or fivepence for an ounce of "baccy," a hair-cut, a shave, you take no notice of them; but they have an irritating way of amounting to shillings before you know it.

An excellent tip which will help you materially in the direction of saving money is to carry a small notebook in your waistcoat pocket, and in it jot down as they come all your disbursements, big and small.

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THE INEVITABLE END.

A HUMAN EPISODE.

The man and the woman looked at each another, and their eyes said the same thing but with a difference.

His were weary with sated passion; hers with a weariness that comes from ever looking out for the finale. The man's glance travelled round the room with its expensive fittings.

A cosy little nest he had called it when he put the newly-caught bird into it.

A gilded cage she had styled it for many a month past.

"This state of things is getting intolerable," he said at length, and with his head he indicated a heap of bills on the table.

She smiled with a touch of scorn. He had made the bills an excuse.

"And so——?" she said.

"It must be put a stop to," he repeated, working himself up as he spoke.

"That is easily done," she answered.

"What?" he thundered.

"I said it is easily managed," was the reply.

"By my paying them, I suppose," he sneered.

"Or by leaving them for someone else to pay." And again she smiled her slow smile.

"You mean," he said, and stopped.

The woman finished for him. "That we are both mutually tired of each other: you of my extravagance, I of your meanness and ugly temper."

She moved slightly in the low-cushioned chair so that her profile was towards him. As she turned he thought idly how perfect was the oval of her face, and how her hair suited her in those simple coils in the nape of her white neck.

"Weary to death of each other. Why should we go through this farce week after week?"

It was the truth, but somehow the man did not care to hear it from her. Perhaps he thought it was his masculine privilege to grow tired, while she still clung to him. And again the woman smiled.

"But——" began the man.

She interrupted him. "My dear, you take trouble to find excuses. You've given me a home for some time. We'll say the lease has run out. I don't want you to renew it."

She picked up one of the bills and played with it in her gemmed hands. And the lamp-light fell on the diamond drops in her ears.

"You want me to go," he said.

She rose to her full height and laughed. "Coward! You intended to go when you came here to-night, only I was prepared for your common-place finis. Mine is a more dramatic one. It is I who am about to go."

The man stared as she gathered up the little sheaf of bills.

"If you had looked at these you would have seen that they were already paid." Her scornful eyes burnt into his brain even as her voice lashed him. Slowly she moved across the floor towards the door.

"Good-bye," she called out, "your room gives up possession."

The man was alone, with only the faint scent of her hair and trailing garments to remind him of her actual presence. And because she had gone the fires of his passion burnt up again and he rose to his feet.

The clang of the gate told him he was too late; but for all that he flung open the door and looked out.

At the gate stood a handsome motor-car and a man in costly furs was helping the woman tenderly into the car.

Then the tension lessened, and he laughed. He understood her meaning—"for a time, man!"

The inevitable end!

A. M. Stewart.

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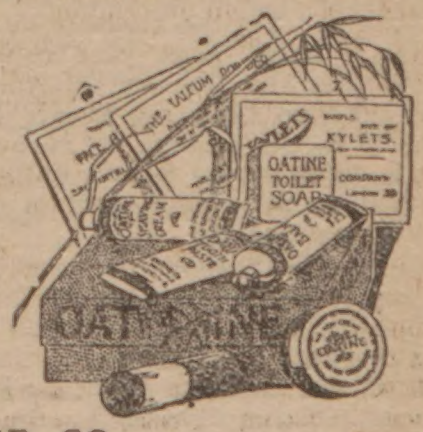

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TRY ON YOUR TROUSERS.

Many a tailor, and almost as many tailors' customers, are usually willing to "chance the trousers," and not to try them on while they are trying on the coat and waistcoat.

If you want to be quite satisfied with your entire suit, take my advice and try on the trousers as well. Do not be put off by the tailor's remark that if they want a little attention you can "let us have them for an hour or two, and we'll put them right, sir."

To listen to that sort of charming is fatal. Try the trousers on.

Has it never been your experience that the trousers of your new suit have been too long? It used to be so with me. I always had to hitch up my braces until I felt bound and helpless, and in addition had to turn up the trousers.

The reason for their too great length was that in being measured one has a tendency to stretch out the leg, making it really half an inch longer than it is at normal times.

Then, too, the tailor makes an error. He hoists his tape measure right up into the top of the fork of the legs, stretches it out, and calculates the length to the heel of the boot.

These things can be corrected at the proper time if you try on your new trousers.

THE BATTLE OF THE SHIRTS.

The battle of the shirt still rages fiercely. Shall it be stiff or soft for ordinary wear with lounge suits? Nowadays a man spends such a long time in his lounge suits that the question has become an important one.

In theory I have a tremendous liking for the soft-fronted shirt. It suggests freedom and ease, and even common sense, in a much greater degree than the starched white shirt.

But now and then I am inclined to condemn them without sparing, and without acknowledging that they have one redeeming feature.

To me their primary drawback is that no collar sits as well on a soft shirt as on a starched one. If the collar is one of the popular double sort this drawback is not so obvious, because this kind of collar is held together at the top.

But for the neat wing collar the neck-band of the soft shirt is not a solid enough foundation and soon the collar gapes and looks slovenly. This can be remedied temporarily by tightening the tie, but that tends to screw the tie unnecessarily.

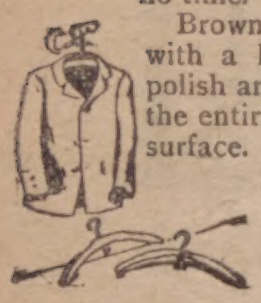
I am slowly giving up the soft shirt again, except for off days and out of town days, and then with a soft collar.

A DEFECT OF BROWN BOOTS.

Many men will be getting brown boots again now that spring is here and summer is on the way. There are several tips that brown-boot wearers should note.

In the first place, do not be in too much of a hurry to darken their bright new sheen. It will tone down, with a little patience. If you saturate the boots with polishing paste or cream twice a day for a week, the boots will be nearly black in no time.

Brown boots have a habit of getting covered with a kind of scale, composed of a mixture of polish and dust. In time this scale spreads over the entire boot, and assumes a fine firm smooth surface.



The result is that the real surface of the leather is never polished, and the boot looks dark and shiny as if black lead had been used.

To remove this get a bowl of very hot water, a good pinch of soda, and a strong, cheap nail-brush or scrubbing-brush (such as may be bought at oil shops). Dip the brush into water, and scrub the leather well. The scales will come off, and the real leather, in all its rich brown tones, will reappear.

TAILORS' STRONG POINTS.

It does not follow that because a tailor turns out what are, to you, ideal lounge suits, he is going to excel at every other sort of suit. Of course, a tailor good at one garment for one occasion is not unlikely to be good at others for other occasions, but it is not always a good plan to go to the same man for everything.

In small towns, for instance, the average tailor has not much to do in the way of evening dress clothes, and may not give them that cut and style which, from long practice, he gives to sporting coats and lounge or walking suits.

But these differences are more complex than those suggested. I have known a tailor who could cut a jacket against the whole world, and win, and who invariably made something like a hash of an overcoat. Such at least was my experience, and probably many of my readers know of cases of the same kind.

The best plan is to go, as far as possible, to the different men for the various clothes they do well.

This, of course, cannot be done in the case of entire suits, but for single jackets, overcoats, raincoats, breeches and similar things, you can exercise a free choice.

READY-MADE BOOTS

There was a time when I thought I could wear no boots that had not been specially made for me. It was a fad, and an expensive one, for the price of boots made to measure is usually much more than the price of very good ready-made boots.

To-day I never have boots specially made for me. The boot-making trade has been brought to such a pitch of excellence that you can rely on getting a very good article, indeed, if you will go to any responsible trader and pay not less than 16d. 6d.

If you pay up to one guinea you get certain extra advantages which, however, are concerned with appearances as much as with wearing qualities.

Sizes are so well graduated that you can fit yourself with a boot as accurately as with a glove.

But I never go into a bootshop without a shudder. The very thought of new boots always gives me a feeling almost amounting to sickness. With all their modern perfections they are horrible things to have to tame and break in to one's feet.

THE OVERCOAT PROBLEM.

Few garments, from the point of view of appearance, are more important than the overcoat. Strange to say, few are so generally neglected as the overcoat.

Men who would rather be "found dead" than wearing ready-made suits or ties will, without a second thought, buy an overcoat ready-made.

But the penalty paid is very heavy. It is easier to feel, and look, utterly uncomfortable and dowdy in an overcoat than in any other article of clothing.

The main object many people seem to aim at in getting an overcoat is to find something that will just enfold them like a blanket, keeping everything underneath dry and protected.

But the overcoat has an exterior that also needs the attention—and the very careful attention—of the man who would be well dressed. And to get the overcoat to look well it is necessary to take a lot of trouble in trying it on.

One of the worst faults of the overcoat is its habit of "fitting only where it happens to touch," round the neck. How often is there not an ugly gap between collar and coat collar?

Then the top button of a coat is apt to be a fraction of an inch too far forward, thus allowing a slovenly-looking wrinkle to develop.

The practice of turning up the overcoat collar should be avoided as much as possible. This tends to make the collar itself and the surrounding cloth slack and untidy.

COLLARS AND LAUNDRIES.

I have been trying experiments with collars and laundries; and the results are instructive. What I wished to find out was how far the laundry was to blame, and how far the collar, for the frayed edge and the jagged wing.

The conclusion I have reached is that laundries are not half as bad as they are said to be in this respect provided they have good collars to deal with.

Buying collars at 4½d., 6d., 6½d., and 9d., I sent them all to the laundry and wore them in turn, testing the results with care.

I found that whereas the 4½d. and 6d. collars began to crack a ter four weeks; the 6½d. collar lasted intact until seven weeks.

As for the 9d. collar, it is still surface-perfect after twelve weeks of wear and wash.

I can only conclude that the 9d. collar is really cheaper in the end.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

By means of this ingenious apparatus all shiny places quickly removed from all articles of clothing. No Chemicals. Post Free, 1s. 8d.

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Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports.

This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer.

Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:

HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS.

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

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In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
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The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Manufacturer's Stock of Men's well-made, dark, hard-wearing Tweed and Black Suits, sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, retailed 25s. to 30s.; our price 15s. 9d., money returned willingly; send chest and inside leg measures.—A. W. Adams, Cloth Hall, Pentre, South Wales.

Wanted.—Norfolk Jacket, 37in. chest; cheap; good condition.—Box 2116, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Ultra Smart Morning Coat and Vest, braided, lined satin, cutter from "Pooles," button one, suit tall man; chest 34½; unique bargain, 25s.—Box 2119, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Several Good Coat Hangers and Trouser Stretchers to clear, sacrifice 6d. each.—Box 2145, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Latest Shades in Poplin Ties, finished like silk; six for 2s. 6d., three for 1s. 5d., post free.—Taylor ("T" Dept.), Angel Street, Baildon, Bradford, Yorks.

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Trout Flies to pattern or name, of satisfactory quality, 1s. per dozen. Trout Rods, 10ft., 10s. 6d. each.—Rivington, South Street, Redditch.

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Horse rug, 7s.; pair opera glasses, 3s. 6d. Splendid condition.—Box 2120, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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On sale, a brindle pied bulldog, 2½ years, by Ch. Nuthurst Doctor. He is clean in house, and a splendid guard and companion, price 6 guineas.—Apply J. Dewhurst, 16, Tentre Street, Burnley, Lancs.

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